

LITERARY

Cavalcade

TEACHER EDITION • OCTOBER 1951 • VOL. 4, NO. 1

Lesson Plans
Topics for Discussion
Activities
Vocabulary
Reading Lists

NATIONAL ADVISORY COUNCIL

Dr. John W. Studebaker, Vice-President of Scholastic Magazines, Chairman • Dr. Hubert M. Cerning, Supt. of Schools, Washington, D. C. • Dr. Henry H. Hill, President, George Peabody College for Teachers, Nashville, Tenn. • Right Rev. Msgr. Frederick G. Hochwalt, Director of the Department of Education, National Catholic Welfare Conference, Washington, D. C. • Dr. Harold C. Hunt, General Supt. of Schools, Chicago, Illinois • Dr. Lloyd S. Michael, Supt., Evanston Township High School, Evanston, Illinois • Dr. Mark C. Schinnerer, Supt. of Schools, Cleveland, Ohio • Dr. Dean H. Schweickhard, State Commissioner of Education, St. Paul, Minnesota.

One-Period Lesson Plan

Walk with Your Head High— The American Way

Aim

To show pupils that a great strength of our country lies in the men and women who "don't know when they're licked."

Motivation

Have you ever thought that the odds were against you, that you didn't have a chance? Have you ever experienced the tremendous satisfaction that comes when you finally win out over a failure or handicap?

Topics for Discussion

1. "The Date-Catcher" (p. 1)

Why does Genevieve hesitate about buying the barrette? What difference is there in her attitude after she buys it? Why does Bert Howland suddenly notice her for the first time? What lesson does Genevieve learn when she finds that she hasn't been wearing the barrette at all? On the basis of this story, what advice would you give to a friend who suffered from feelings of inferiority?

2. "What America Means to Me" (p. 5)

Toward the end of his essay, Jesse Stuart says, "I realized America didn't owe me a cent. I owed America." Why do you think this writer has reason to be grateful to America? Explain. Did Stuart enjoy any privileges which aren't open to all Americans? Did he suffer from any handicaps which, in another country, might have kept him from becoming the successful writer he is?

Compare your own situation with Jesse Stuart's. Do you have fewer or more advantages than he did? Do you

feel about Stuart as he felt about Robert Burns—if he could do it, so can I? An old proverb says that "the Lord helps those who help themselves." Do you think that Stuart's success shows that "democracy helps those who help themselves"? Discuss whatever qualities you found in Stuart's character that are as much responsible for his success as the fact that he was born in the United States. Can you think of other examples of Americans born with "two strikes against them" who were strong enough to take advantage of the opportunities open to all members of a democracy?

3. "The Red Badge of Courage" (p. 18)

What problem faces the hero of *The Red Badge of Courage*? Do you think this problem is one that most soldiers must face? Does the same kind of problem ever occur less dramatically in everyday life? Discuss, giving examples. Do you believe that some people are just "naturally" brave? Do you think this "natural" kind of bravery is as valuable as the courage Henry Fleming gains after bitter struggle with himself? Discuss.

4. "Wonder Boy" (p. 24)

Why did Frank Malloy leave the major leagues? Discuss Frank's problem, comparing it with your own experiences or with those of people you know. What qualities in Frank finally helped him to gain back his courage? Do you think that he would have earned this victory all by himself? On the basis of the story, discuss these two statements, pointing out which you think is the truer: 1. The truly brave man fights his battles alone, asking encouragement and help from no one. 2. Only the egoist relies on his own powers—most of us

draw our greatest strength from the people who love and depend upon us.

Suggested Activities

1. "The Date-Catcher" (p. 1)

a. Write a letter which might have been sent by a teen-age counselor in answer to a girl who had the same problem as Genevieve.

b. Give a short talk on: "You're Only What You Think You Are."

2. "What America Means to Me" (p. 5)

a. Read and report on two of Jesse Stuart's short stories: "Weep No More, My Lady," "Another April," "Nest Egg," "Charles," "Slip-Over Sweater," or any others you find.

b. Write an essay on what America has meant to you.

c. Write up an imaginary conversation with a Russian, in which he makes false statements about the United States which you refute with facts taken from Stuart's essay.

d. Many other writers besides Stuart have described how they have benefited from the American way of life. Read and write a review of one of the most notable of these books, *The Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens*.

3. "Suspicion" (p. 8)

a. Write a monologue in which Mrs. Mummery tells who the real poisoner was, and what her motives were.

b. Dorothy Sayers has written many full-length murder mysteries. Read *The Nine Tailors* and write a 500-word review.

c. Once you know how this story ends, you'll realize that Dorothy Sayers used a great deal of irony in building up to the climax. In the second paragraph, for instance, we learn that "Mr. Mummery would cheerfully have laid down his rather uninteresting little life to spare Ethel a moment's uneasiness." Make a list of all the other examples of

irony which you can find upon re-reading the story.

4. "Young Voices" (p. 14)

a. Write a short character-sketch of the "good-for-nothin'" boy in Shirley Marble's story, explaining some of his hopes and fears.

b. Prepare a humorous two-minute TV commercial of the type suggested by Samson Tuchman in his essay.

5. "The Red Badge of Courage" (p. 16)

Stephen Crane's novel, *The Red Badge of Courage*, is a Teen Age Book Club selection for November. If you've seen the movie, compare the film version with the original story.

6. "Two Tramps in Mud Time" (p. 23)

- a. My object in living is to unite
My avocation and my vocation
As my two eyes make one in
sight.

In the above lines, Robert Frost expresses a principle that has guided his own life. Write a short theme in which you explain what that principle is, and why or why not you intend to work toward the same goal in your own life.

b. Look over the collected edition of Frost's poems and select two or three which you particularly like to read aloud to the class.

7. "Wonder Boy" (p. 24)

a. Write an article in which a fair-minded sports reporter analyzes Frank's failure in his first reappearance with the Grays.

b. If you liked this story of a courageous come-back in the field of sports, you may also like another recent novel. Tom Lea's *The Brave Bulls* (condensed in *Literary Cavalcade*, Feb., 1951). Lea weaves a story around Mexican bull-fighting. Write a paper discussing the difference between the kind of courage needed by baseball-players and bull-fighters.

VOCABULARY EXERCISES

On the paper you've just received, number from one to twenty. I'm going to read each of the following sentences slowly, stressing the key word. Each key word is taken from this issue of *Literary Cavalcade*. Next I shall read three possible definitions of the word. Only one definition is correct. Write opposite the appropriate number on your paper the letter of the correct definition. When you've finished, exchange papers with a student near you, and we'll check the correct answers. Finally you'll be allowed fifteen minutes to discuss these words and use them in original sentences.

(Note to teacher: Your key to the correct definition is the answer given in italics.)

1. The professor's amusing *aberrations* were enjoyed by all his students.

- a. anecdotes
b. odd-looking clothes
c. *behavior which is not normal*

2. *Apprehensively*, the hunter approached the leopard.

- a. in a quiet way
b. *fearfully*
c. sure-footedly

3. Not a *vestige* of her former beauty now remained.

- a. admirer
b. echo
c. *trace*

4. The carpenter was skillful in working with *punchcon*.

- a. plastic wood
b. *short pieces of timber*
c. ply-board

5. The case was settled by a decree *nisi*.

- a. *to take effect at a given time, unless modified before then*
b. pertaining to Japanese law
c. unfavorable

6. The greedy boy *inevitably* chose the largest piece of meat on the plate.

- a. *in a manner that could be counted on as being bound to come*
b. without consideration for others
c. in a quick, decisive way

7. During Mrs. Basky's *regime* as housekeeper, Mr. Filbert's furniture was always polished to a high gleam.

- a. service, employment
b. brief period
c. *rule, management*

8. The crippled boy took *vicarious* pleasure in watching other children play.

- a. *enjoyed sympathetically, though not actively*
b. peculiar
c. self-tormenting

9. Mrs. Willoughby never sat down to her morning coffee without a feeling of *sensuous* delight.

- a. expectant
b. *pertaining to the senses*
c. self-satisfied, smug

10. Suffering from stage-fright, Ellen delivered her opening lines in a *tremulous* voice.

- a. piercing
b. harsh, grating
c. *quivering, shaking*

11. The doctor was impressed by the *immaculacy* of the patient's room.

- a. originality
b. *state of being spotlessly clean*
c. depressing appearance

12. John questioned the *efficacy* of his wife's method of weeding the garden.

- a. purpose, object
b. *usefulness, effectiveness*
c. sincerity

13. It is wise to be *chary* of eating too many fried foods.

- a. *cautious*
b. afraid
c. pertaining to over-eating

14. Edna behaved with a *wanton* disregard for her parent's feelings.

- a. occasional
b. selfish
c. *reckless*

15. Our club felt that the president acted somewhat *arbitrarily* when he appointed a new member without consulting us.

- a. foolishly
b. in a selfish manner
c. *in a dictatorial manner*

16. Even as a little girl, Edith seemed to live in the *inscrutable* world of her own imagination.

- a. delightful, pleasant
b. *mysterious, incapable of being understood*
c. fanciful, of a dream-like quality

17. Martin objected to the *ambivalence* of the preacher's sermons.

- a. *quality of being attracted toward and repelled by something at the same time*
b. quality of being difficult to understand
c. prejudice

18. Blind people often have a highly developed *tactual* sense.

- a. *pertaining to sense of touch*
b. artistic
c. intuitive

19. April is the month when the woods are clothed in *vernal* beauty.

- a. splendid
b. *fresh, spring-like*
c. flowery

20. Kathleen, *alana*, will you have a cup of tea?

- a. *Irish term of endearment—"my child"*
b. Latin word meaning "girl"
c. Irish for "please"

Answers to

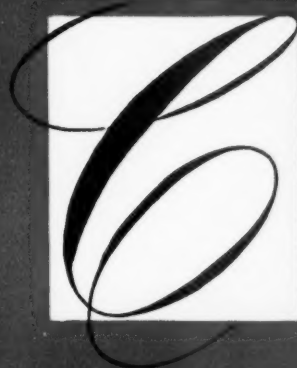
"What Do You Remember?"

The Date-Catcher: 1-c, 2-c.

What America Means to Me: 1-d, h and i; 2-a-T, b-F, o-F, d-T.

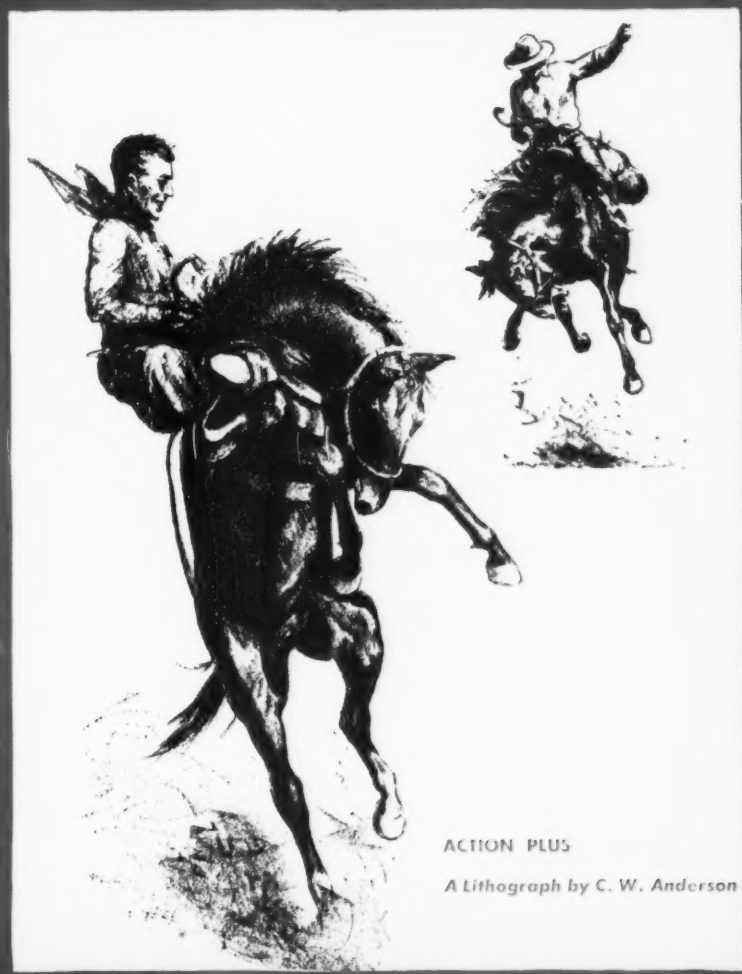
Suspicion: 1-c, 2-d, 3-c.

LITERARY CAVALCADE, PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR, ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER AUGUST 31, 1948, AT POST OFFICE AT DAYTON, OHIO, UNDER ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879. CONTENTS COPYRIGHT, 1951, BY SCHOLASTIC CORPORATION. SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: 50c A SEMESTER; \$1. A SCHOOL YR. SINGLE COPIES, 25c. SPECIAL RATES IN COMBINATION WITH WEEKLY SCHOLASTIC MAGAZINES. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, MCALL ST., DAYTON 1, OHIO. GENERAL AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, LITERARY CAVALCADE, 351 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK 10, N. Y.



L I T E R A R Y *Caravalcade*

A MONTHLY FOR ENGLISH CLASSES PUBLISHED BY SCHOLASTIC MAGAZINES



ACTION PLUS

A Lithograph by C. W. Anderson

LITERARY CAVALCADE, a Magazine for High School English Classes Published Monthly During the School Year. One of the SCHOLASTIC MAGAZINES.

EXECUTIVE STAFF

Maurice R. Robinson, President and Publisher
Kenneth M. Gould, Editor-in-Chief
Jack K. Lippert, Executive Editor
John W. Studebaker, Vice-President and Chairman of the Editorial Board

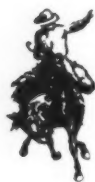
Eric Berger, Editor, *Literary Cavalcade*
Mary Alice Cullen, Assistant Editor
Mary Jane Dunton, Art Director
Sarah McC. Gorman, Production Chief
G. Herbert McCracken, Vice-President and Treasurer
Don Layman, Vice-President and Director of Sales Promotion
Agnes Laurino, Business Manager

EDITORIAL ADVISORY BOARD 1951-52

Miss Harriet Clark, Danbury High School, Danbury, Conn.
Mr. Evan Lodge, Supervisor of English, Cleveland Public Schools, Cleveland, O.
Dr. Joseph Mersand, Long Island City High School, New York, N. Y.
Miss Edna L. Sterling, Director of Language Arts, Seattle Public Schools, Seattle, Wash.
Miss Blanche Trezevant, School of Education, Florida State University, Tallahassee, Fla.

LITERARY CAVALCADE, published monthly during the school year, entered as second class matter August 31, 1948, at Post Office at Dayton, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879. Contents copyright, 1951, by Scholastic Corporation. Subscription prices: 50¢ a semester; \$1.00 a school year. Single copies, 25¢. Special rates in combination with weekly Scholastic magazines. Office of publication, McCall St., Dayton 1, Ohio. General and editorial offices, *Literary Cavalcade*, 351 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

OUR FRONT COVER



Horses are a favorite subject with C. W. Anderson (the initials stand for Clarence William) and his skill with the lithographer's pencil makes us find that we see the muscles quiver under the velvet coat. Mr. Anderson understands horses, and he has loved them since

his early days on the plains of Nebraska where he was raised. Even as a boy he longed to be an artist and he left the tiny town of Wahoo, Nebraska, where he was born in 1891, to study at the Art Institute of Chicago. His illustrations for books and magazines, and his portraits of famous horses, have won him recognition among both artist and sportsmen. The lithographs have spirit and vitality, qualities difficult to convey in lithography. His works have been exhibited in every important print show for many years, and they have received the Honorable Mention of the Society of American Etchers for outstanding lithography. The present lithograph was made for Associated American Artists of New York City and is reproduced on our cover through their courtesy.

LITERARY Cavalcade

VOLUME 4 • NUMBER 1 • OCTOBER, 1951

CONTENTS

The Date Catcher, by Frederick Laing 1

Short Short Story: The "date catcher" Genevieve bought worked like magic on Bert—but the elusive magic was there all the time.

Shaggy Doggerel, by Bennett Cerf 3

Humor: A discriminating assortment of laughter-provoking shaggy dog stories from the collection of a master teller of funny tales.

What America Means to Me, by Jesse Stuart 5

Biographical Essay: This is the story of a poor mountain boy and there are thousands like it—but they can be told only in America.

Suspicion, by Dorothy L. Sayers 8

Short Story: The newspapers said a cook in the neighborhood was suspected of being a poisoner. . . . Could it be Mr. Mummery's?

Young Voices 14

Student Writing: Prose and poetry from the pens of high school students—some gay and humorous, some provoking and thoughtful.

The Red Badge of Courage 16

Picture Essay: Scenes from the new motion picture in which director John Huston tells the story of Stephen Crane's great novel.

The Doctor from Dunmore, by Thomas Patrick Dillon and Nolan Leary 18

One Act Play: The tiny Irish island was nine miles from the mainland, and trouble arose when the Doctor's fee couldn't be raised.

Two Tramps in Mud Time, by Robert Frost 23

Poetry: In one of the best loved of his many poems, the greatest American poet of our time shares a fragment of his experience.

Wonder Boy, by William Heuman 24

Book Condensation: The story of a pitcher in the making, and of the catcher who discovered him . . . and also discovered himself.

What Do You Remember From This Issue? Inside Back Cover

Crossword Puzzle Inside Back Cover

Chucklebait Back Cover



The Date Catcher

By FREDERICK LAING

Genevieve's "date catcher" worked like magic—but the magic was there all the time

What had really brought her into Waller's department store was something definitely not romantic. She had promised her mother to get herself a pair of rubbers. As she wandered through she was looking wistfully at the things she couldn't afford or

wouldn't be allowed to wear. That two-piece bathing suit, for instance. Renee Weston had one like it. . . .

Renee Weston, yes . . . whom Bert Howland was taking to the benefit dance this Saturday, this very night. And as for herself, who had asked her to go to the benefit dance at the country club? Why, nobody. For who was going to ask bashful Genevieve Smith?

She was walking along the aisles with her head down, and her heart, to judge from the way she felt, dragging on the floor behind her. It was the sign in front of these hair barrettes that stopped her cold.

DATE CATCHERS, it said.

And around the sign was a selection of barrettes for your hair. Every color of the rainbow, it said—pick a color to suit your personality.

She stood there a moment with her head down. No, her mother wouldn't let her wear a barrette that bright and showy, even if she

had the nerve, which she hadn't. These date catchers, they were the kind . . .

The kind Renee Weston would wear, she had started to think, when the saleslady broke into her train of thought: "This would be a nice one for you, dearie."

"Oh, no, I'm afraid I couldn't wear anything like that," she answered. But at the same time she was reaching wistfully for the green barrette.

The saleslady looked surprised. "With that lovely copper-colored hair and those pretty eyes? Why, child, you could wear anything."

Maybe it was only a sales talk, but because she didn't need much urging, she fastened it into her hair.

"No, a little farther up," the saleslady said, "so it won't slip out. . . . One thing you have to remember, honey, if you're going to wear anything a little out of the ordinary, wear it like nobody had a better right than you. In this world, you gotta hold your head up." She looked at the position of the barrette critically. "That's better. Why you look positively . . . exciting."

She looked in the mirror and, sure enough, the green color of the barrette and the hint of red in her hair . . .

"I'll take it," she said, a little surprised at the note of decision in her voice.

"Now if you wanted to get another for formal wear," the saleslady said, "one like this, for instance, if you were going to a party or a dance. . . ."

It was the last thing she wanted to talk about. She paid for the barrette and started to get out of there so fast that she bumped smack into a big woman with a lot of packages, and almost got knocked silly.

As she neared the door, a funny old man was staring at her. A man with black eyes and a droopy gray mustache under a green fedora hat. You could tell from his eyes that he was smiling under the gray mustache. Smiling and looking at the date catcher.

It was a conquest, even if it wasn't much. She gave him a glance. Just the merest passing look, but . . .

But the next moment a shiver of fright went through her, for the silly old thing was actually following her. That date catcher couldn't . . . but this was really dreadful. She started to look around and then she heard him say, "Hey, keedo!" She ran like a rabbit and didn't stop running until she was a block down the street.

Then suddenly she found herself in front of Carson's drugstore and she

knew for sure it was where she'd been intending to go from the start. Because practically any girl in town knew this was the drugstore where Bert Howland hung around Saturday afternoons, talking with his friends or playing the pin-ball machine.

She hesitated just a moment before she entered the drugstore. Then she took a deep breath.

He was there all right. He was sitting at the soda counter, and the minute she saw him—the way he was hunched over a cup of coffee, not drinking it, just looking ahead—she thought, Renee turned him down. She's going to the dance with somebody else.

She sat down at the other corner of the counter facing his profile, and Harry, the soda jerk, came over to take her order.

"Bring me a black and white soda," she said.

And as he went to get her the soda, she saw, out of the side of her eyelashes, that Bert Howland had turned and was staring at her.

She sat up straight, holding her head high, conscious, very conscious of that green date catcher.

After a while he said, "Hi, Genevieve."

She turned, and did a neat little job there of looking surprised. "Why, Bert Howland," she said, "how long have you been sitting here?"

"All my life," he said. "Just waiting for you."

It was only a line, but ordinarily it would have left her stuttering. She wanted to reach up and make a few touches at her hair, just to feel the date catcher to give her confidence, but she restrained herself.

"Flatterer," she said.

And a moment later, he was sitting on the stool beside her, looking at her

in that same way, as though he'd just noticed she was alive.

"Wearing your hair a different way or something, aren't you?" he asked.

She reached for her soda and took a gulp. "Do you usually notice things like that?" she asked.

"No," he said, "I guess it's just the way you're holding your head up. Like you thought I ought to notice something."

She felt a slight flush at her cheeks and the tips of her ears. "Is that meant as a crack?"

"Maybe," he said, grinning, "and maybe not. Maybe I sort of like to see you hold your head like that."

It was about ten minutes afterward that the unbelievable happened. He said, "You know, they're having a dance at the country club tonight."

And when he actually came across with it, the invitation and everything, it was all she could do to keep from throwing her arms around him.

They left the drugstore a little later, and he offered to walk home with her. But suddenly she remembered that formal date catcher, the one you wore to a party or a dance. She couldn't wear the one she had on. She would have to have one to match her evening dress. And so, though only this morning she would have practically wept for joy at the chance to have Bert Howland walk home with her, she told him now that she simply had to get to Waller's before it closed.

She got there just as the doors were being shut and dashed to the barrette counter.

She looked for the blue-and-gold one. Gone! If they didn't have another. . . .

The saleslady smiled when she saw who it was. "I knew you'd be back."

"Hi . . . how?" she asked, out of breath.

The saleslady reached under the counter. "I've been saving it for you." But the date catcher she brought out was not the blue-and-gold one.

"That's like the one I just bought," she said, puzzled.

And then she was standing with her mouth opened in amazement. Why, when the big woman had bumped into her it must have been knocked off. . . .

"It is the same one," the saleslady explained.

And with that knowledge a lot of things began to flash through Genevieve's mind. But suddenly she began to smile and then somehow she couldn't stop smiling. She let her head lift easily while half of her listened to the saleslady's story—a story about a man who had found his way to the barrette counter with her date catcher, a jolly old man in a green fedora hat.

About the Author



Frederick Laing believes that a writer should draw on his own experience, using material he "actually knows about."

Mr. Laing grew up in Cumberland, Md., and attended the New York Military Academy at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson. His first writing job was with an advertising firm. He began to write fiction on the side. After selling a few short stories, he decided to make fiction-writing a full-time job.

His first novel, *Six Seconds a Year*, was published in 1938. A second novel is in the manuscript stage.

Reprinted by permission of the author, from *Collier's*. Copyright 1944, by the Crowell-Collier Publishing Co.

An assortment of laughter-provoking
shaggy dog stories from the collection
of a master teller of funny stories

By BENNETT CERF

Drawings by Carl Rose

Shaggy Doggerel



FOR THE BENEFIT of those who came in terribly late, shaggy dog stories are those frequently baffling anecdotes in which animals have voices, people have aberrations, and literal-minded auditors have conniption fits. A perfect example is the story of the mink-coated matron who ankled into an exclusive Beacon Hill psychiatrist's office leading a duck by a gold chain. "What can I do you for?" asked the psychiatrist. "You can't do anything for me," answered the matron. "It's my poor husband. He seems to think he's a duck." Everything clear?

Attention, Please

1. One of the visiting nurses from the Henry Street Settlement asked a young mother, "Why do you put your baby in such a high crib?" "We're usually in another room," explained the mother, "and we want to be able to hear him when he falls out." ... Possibly she is the same character who rushed off to Madison Square Garden because her uncle was riding in a six-day bicycle race. "Ridiculous," said her companion. "That race has been over for two months." "I know," was the answer. "That's what I've got to tell my uncle."

2. An elderly widower loved his cat so dearly he tried to teach it to talk. "If I can get Tabby to converse with me," he reasoned, "I won't have to bother with ornery humans at all." First he tried a diet of canned salmon, then one of canaries. Tabby obviously approved of both—but he didn't learn to talk.

Reprinted by permission from *Shake Well Before Using*, published by Simon and Schuster, New York City. Copyright, 1948, by Bennett Cerf.

Then one day the widower had two extremely loquacious parrots cooked in butter and served to Tabby with asparagus and French fried potatoes. Tabby licked the plate clean, and then—wonders of wonders—suddenly turned to her master and shouted: "Look out!"

Possibly the widower didn't hear, because he never moved a muscle. The next moment the ceiling caved in and buried him under a mass of debris. The cat shook its head and said in disgust, "Eight years he spends getting me to talk, and then the sap doesn't listen."

3. A lady went running to a doctor with a badly spoiled stomach. "What did you eat for dinner last night?" asked the doctor. "Oysters," she said. "Fresh oysters?" asked the doctor. "How should I know?" said the Lady. "Well," asked the doctor, "couldn't you tell when you took off the shells?" "My," gasped the lady. "Are you supposed to take off the shells?"

4. A lady in Barker, Maine, called up a relative in Miami to report a whopping blizzard in progress. "I'll mail you some snow in a letter," she proposed. "It will be gone long before it gets to Florida," the relative pointed out. "Don't be silly," said the lady. "Who'd be mean enough to steal a little snow out of an envelope?"

5. A worm attended a picnic in a cornfield. It went in one ear and out the other. ... A log in the Maine woods boasted, "Oh, boy, I slept like a human being last night." ... And a lonesome calf walked up to a silo and asked pitifully, "Is my fodder in there?" ... And have you had enough yet?

6. "See what my friend sent me," boasted a beautiful receptionist. "An alligator purse, an alligator belt, and this lovely pair of alligator shoes." "Your friend must be a philanthropist," said her sidekick. "Not at all," replied the receptionist. "He's an alligator."

7. Have you heard about the bald eagle who strutted about all day spreading its wings, expanding its chest, and looking too noble for words. Its mate pooh-poohed, "Oh, you and your eternal 'E pluribus unums!'"

8. One night Jimmy Durante suddenly announced that he once won a tango contest. "Here's a picture of the girl, me, and the silver cup to prove it," he said. The pianist looked at the picture and said, "That's not a girl, Jimmy. That's a kangaroo." Durante clapped his hands to his sides. "That explains everything," he said. "I thought we was jumpin' pretty high a couple of times." ... A theatrical agent was overheard trying to sell a trained-seal act to the booker for Radio City Music Hall. "This phenomenal creature," he declared, "not only can play 'Home Sweet Home' on a saxophone and balance a whole set of dining room furniture on his nose, but he rides on and off the stage on roller skates." "Does he do anything else?" asked the bored booker. "He certainly does," said the agent. "He pays me ten per cent commission."

9. John Ringling North was dining peacefully in Sarasota one evening when a new circus employee burst into the room and cried, "One of the leopards has escaped. What'll we do?" "Find him and if you can't corner him, shoot him

on the spot," ordered North. An hour later the man returned and said, "I forgot to ask you: which spot?" . . .

10. An undersized but cocky woodpecker circled over the giant redwood grove in California and selected as his field of operation the most enormous tree in the area. He had just made his first tentative peck when a bolt of lightning struck the redwood. It fell to the earth with a deafening crash. The little woodpecker blinked the dust from his eyes and murmured, amazed, "I guess I don't know my own strength!"

11. A cockroach met an acquaintance and launched into a dissertation on a new kitchen he had inspected. "It was immaculate, germ-proof, and wonderful," he reported. "Everything was gleaming white and chromium. The dishes and pans were beautiful. I crawled into the new Frigidaire. Every scrap of food was wrapped in crisp celophane." "Stop! Have a heart!" groaned the other cockroach. "Can't you see I'm eating my dinner?"

12. Two fleas met on Robinson Crusoe one afternoon and indulged in a bit of innocent chit-chat. Finally one said, "I've got to be getting along, I guess—but I'll see you on Friday."

13. Two society leaders in Africa's nobbiest cannibal tribe were discussing their marital troubles in the banquet room one afternoon. "I don't know what to make of my husband these days," confessed the first. "Don't let that bother you," the second reassured her. "I'll send over my new book of recipes." . . . Above, a couple of flies were ambulating peacefully across the ceiling. "I will never understand human beings,"

remarked one fly. "Take this room, for example. They spend a fortune putting up this beautiful ceiling—and then they walk on the floor!"

14. The first noon a new paper-hanger was on the job he opened his lunch-box eagerly, unwrapped a sandwich, and lifted one piece of bread a fraction of an inch. His face fell. "Cream cheese," he announced dolefully. The second day he repeated the process, and again reported, "Pfui! Cream cheese again." When he sadly discovered cream cheese for the third day straight, a fellow workman remarked, "If you dislike cream cheese so much, why don't you ask your wife to fix you another kind of sandwich?" "Who's married?" said the paper-hanger indignantly. "I make these sandwiches myself."

15. Even a shaggy dog has an end, so I will conclude this dissertation with a story about a man with a gun on his shoulder who was leading an actual shaggy dog down the street one afternoon. The pooch broke away from his grasp and was promptly run over by an automobile. The driver, noticing the gun on the man's shoulder, was in no mood for an argument. He produced a fifty-dollar bill and said, "I hope this will recompense you for the loss of your dog."

"It sure will," said the man heartily. "I was taking him out to shoot him anyhow."

• • •

An Indian fire writer was transmitting a message to his tribe in New Mexico when a terrific explosion not only interrupted him, but sent him flying into a ditch twenty yards away. It was the atomic bomb experiment, and the Indian

pulled himself together in time to see a tower of smoke billow out into the sky. He watched in awe-stricken silence for a moment, then clucked his tongue, and murmured, "I wish I'd said that!"

The Mark Twain Legend

"When your audience is restless," a lecture manager advised a new client, "it's always a good idea to tell a story about Mark Twain." Fresh ones keep popping up in magazines and radio programs, old ones are refurbished and given new tag-lines, and since the great humorist is in no position to repudiate them, the legend will continue to grow.

At a banquet in New York, Twain was seated next to the guest of honor, who decided to test a few of the stories he intended to use in his speech. "I hope you haven't heard this one," he would begin, and then barge on without waiting for Twain's courteous but increasingly faint "No, I don't think I have." As the fifth story began, Twain lost his temper. "Sir," he declared, "your previous stories were old and very badly told, but at this one I positively draw the line. Not only have I heard it fourteen times, but I invented it!" The guest of honor, crushed, declared, "I was afraid of addressing the hyper-critical audience even before I came. Now you have destroyed the last vestige of my self-confidence." "Cheer up," counseled Twain. "Remember they expect very little of you."

A hypocritical business pirate once told Twain, "Before I die I mean to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. I will climb to the top of Mount Sinai and read the Ten Commandments aloud." "I have a better idea," said Twain. "Why don't you stay right at home in Boston and keep them?" In Richmond one day, Twain complained of an acute pain in his head. "It can't be the air or the food you ate in Richmond," said a native son confidently. "There's no healthier city than Richmond. Our death rate is down to one person a day." "Run down to the newspaper office," begged Twain, "and find out if today's victim has died yet."

During Mark Twain's early days in the newspaper business in Missouri, relates Irving Hoffman, he received a letter from a subscriber stating that he had found a spider in his paper, and asking if this was an omen of good or bad luck. Twain replied, "Finding a spider in your paper is neither good luck nor bad. The spider was merely looking over our paper to see which merchant was not advertising so that he could go to that store, spin his web across the door, and lead a life of undisturbed peace ever afterward."



This is the story of a poor mountain boy and there are thousands of stories like it—but they can be told only in America



WHAT AMERICA MEANS TO ME

By JESSE STUART

TODAY in Milwaukee I spoke to approximately 14,400 educators from the State of Wisconsin. It was my first time ever to speak to so many people assembled under one roof. This audience was so large it scared me. And it was hard for me to realize that so many people were listening to me.

After my talk, teachers came up and brought my books for me to sign. It was a great meeting for me. I had never dreamed in my youth of addressing an audience of this size. And I had never dreamed when I wrote poems on poplar leaves and scraps of paper I picked up along the road, that more than 1,000 people at Baylor University, in Waco, Texas, would pay to hear me read them.

I had never dreamed, either, that I would travel in 39 states in one year, give 76 talks, speak to more than 100,000 people of teacher groups, colleges, universities, and civic organizations. . . . I am not bragging when I mention these things. I feel humble. It is hard to believe it happened to me. And my feeling is that my name had a better chance of becoming known in my native country than it would have had in any part of the world where I have been.

I have traveled in 29 foreign coun-

*Reprinted by permission of the author from *The American Magazine*. Copyright, 1951, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co.

tries and 44 states in the United States and approximately half the provinces of Canada. So, when I sign my name and when people say kind words for some of the things I have written, my mind flashes back to another day and time. It goes back to the little world I knew. And that was the one-room shack in Greenup County, Kentucky, where I was born on a high ridge overlooking the waters of W-Hollow on one side, Shacklerun waters and the Plum Grove hills on the other.

My father, who could not read or write his name at that time, was a coal miner. He dug coal with a pick from low and dangerous mines, where three men lost their lives. Because of the brittle roof, the mines have since been closed. My mother caught rain water in a barrel at the corner of the shack to use for washing our clothes, since the water up where we were on the high hill was sulphur water. She car-

ried water in a lard can from a neighbor's well for drinking and cooking. My mother, in those days, was young and strong. She carried a lard can of water on one hip, carried me on the other because I couldn't climb the hill fast enough, and my oldest sister, Sophia, ran along behind her to keep up.

We had only one book in our shack. That was the Bible. And above the Bible, with the trigger guard hanging over one spike nail that was driven into a joist, and the end of the long barrel resting on another spike nail, was our shotgun, which my father kept hanging ready to protect his family. Also, to shoot owls when they menaced our white chickens that roosted on the leafless branches of the winter trees. Also, to shoot a fox when he came for a pig or chicken. On a barren puncheon floor, two beds, a cookstove, standtable, and mirror comprised about all our worldly possessions. We didn't own the one-room shack. We rented it.

My mother was the educated one in our family. She had finished the second grade and she wrote the letters we had to write, read the few we received. When my father left the coal mine, he moved down into W-Hollow, rented a little farm, where the log shack, which stands today, had ample room for his family. We had too much room—three rooms. He bought a mule and plow and one cow. And he bought young oxen, broke them to the yoke,

and plowed the rooty hillside with them.

And it was my father who preached education for his family. He wanted one of his children to be a school teacher, which he thought (and I am inclined to agree after the years have passed) was the greatest profession in the world. School teaching was the only profession of man that my father ever looked up to. And it was at Plum Grove, a one-room rural school high on a hilltop, that I learned to write the name that people ask me to sign today. It was the first thing I learned to write. I was so elated to put something down on paper that stood for a real something that I ran home and said to my father, "Pa, I can do something you can't do." He said, "What's that?" I said, "Write my name."

My father was embarrassed. He got my mother to teach him a memorized signature which only the banker in his home town knows today. When my first teacher, Calvin Clarke, who taught me to read and write, told my father that my sister and I were "bright pupils" who ought to stand at the head of our classes, my father was pleased. Calvin Clarke was 18 years old, weighed 110 pounds, taught 56 classes in 6 hours. The Plum Grove attendance ranged from 50 to 70 pupils. Many of his pupils were older than he. They were in their twenties. But to me this school was the greatest place on earth. It wasn't work for me; it was recreation. My schoolbooks were fabulous things in this early dawn of exciting life.

My father moved from farm to farm. Always to better his position. There were ten houses in W-Hollow and we lived in eight of them. The first house he rented we paid \$6 a month cash rent, plus one-third grain rent from our crops. And since we didn't have any fences on this farm, we had to rent pasture for our oxen, mule, and cow.

Since we sold sweet potatoes at only 25 cents a bushel, strawberries at 5 cents a quart, tobacco at 3 and 4 cents a pound, eggs at 8 and 9 cents a dozen, I was forced to quit school. I worked by the day for 25 cents. Worked from 10 to 14 hours. My father and his horse worked for \$1.50 per day. My mother got 25 cents per day for housework.

My early schooling was limited. I had to leave Plum Grove. But I was schooled in a different way. All the farms I worked on in Kentucky were beautiful in the spring months. I saw nature come to life from winter's sleeping. I learned many things working on the land. Learned that the terrapins and turtles laid eggs in the sand and let the warm sun hatch their young. Learned that the cowbird laid eggs in

other birds' nest and let them hatch and raise their young. Learned that black snakes laid eggs in the rich, warm loam and the sun hatched their young.

I learned where all the wild berries grew, learned the names of all the trees and the wild flowers and vines. All the life about me was a great school and while I worked for 25 cents a day I learned. Learned something from the stories told by older men who were working with me.

Finally, my father bought 50 acres of land in the head of W-Hollow for \$300. That was a big price for us to pay and we didn't have the money, but my father borrowed it. It was a tract of land, the only one in Greenup County, that didn't have a legal road to it. When we walked to it, in any direction, we had to get permission from landowners whose farms surrounded ours. We couldn't haul anything to our farm, for there wasn't a wagon road to it.

My father was so excited about buying 50 acres of land and becoming a landowner that he walked across the high hill and got the best job he ever had in his life—work on the railroad section. He held this job for 23 years. Walked 5 miles to and from his work. His highest wage scale while he worked was \$3.06 per day. He paid for his farm by working on the section and improved his fields by working at night in the moonlight and by lantern light.

I was 14 when we built a house of logs where we lived for 29 years.



Jesse Stuart is well-known as an author of stories, novels, and poetry. What is not so well known is that he attributes some of the early encouragement he received to his success in publishing a number of stories in *Scholastic Magazines*. He is a judge of the *Scholastic Writing Awards*. Mr. Stuart's two latest books are *The Thread That Runs So True* and *Hie to the Hunters*.

Grandpa and I cut down oaks, scored them with double-bitted axes, and hewed them with broadaxes. We split rock with wedges, hewed the big stones and built the chimney.

Then I found work in Greenup, Ky., where the town was paving its streets. I got a job as water boy for 75 cents a day. Very easy work for me. Too easy. It was hard for the foreman of the paving company to get a man to pour cement into the concrete mixer. I asked for the job and got it. I was 15 then. I did work as hard as any man, for I held the job, which more than a dozen had quit, until the streets were paved.

It was there I saw my first high school—Greenup High School, where well-dressed boys and girls walked leisurely on the streets. And I wanted to enter high school. With somewhere between 22 and 30 months of schooling at Plum Grove, I took a Common School examination on 11 subjects. Four of these subjects I had never studied. I had to make an average of 75 and not below 60 on any subject. I made an average of 78. I made 59 on composition, but I passed anyway.

High school was the greatest place in the world to me. Five miles to and from high school. And that fabulous game of football. Tackle a man so hard I'd scoot him back two or three yards. Lift him up and throw him. Shoestring tackle 'im and watch him fall and hold to his legs so he couldn't rise again.

At first I was afraid of this school. But after I got inside and experienced the sympathetic feelings of pupils and teachers, I thought Greenup High School was the most wonderful place on earth. My English teacher would even let me read from 6 to 12 themes in her class at a time. She even said one theme, *Nest Egg*, was funny, and laughed until she had to wipe tears from her eyes. *Nest Egg*, with only 6 words changed, was published 23 years later in *The Atlantic Monthly*. Mrs. R. E. Hatton, my English teacher, introduced me to Robert Burns' poetry. She gave me a book of his poems. I wore this book out as I carried it with me wherever I went. If Burns, a plow-boy in Scotland, could do it, I, a plow-boy in Kentucky, could do it. That's the way I looked at it. My high school library and my textbooks introduced me to the Concord Group of American writers. I loved Whittier, worshipped Emerson. I read everything I could get hold of written by Whittier, Emerson, and Thoreau.

Read my first novel, *Silas Marner*, and reported on it for my English class. I read Jack London's short stories and loved them. In high school I made my way by hunting at night and fol-

lowing a trap line to and from high school, selling animal pelts and possum carcasses to anybody who would buy. In the spring months I sold wild roots.

At the end of four wonderful years in high school, I went back to the farm. I had written more than 100 themes and 200 poems for Mrs. Hutton. And I had read many books. They had lifted me. I saw beyond my Greenup County hills. And I wondered about the world beyond. I talked to my father about going to college, but he wouldn't listen.

ONE day, when he was working on the railroad section, I drove the mule team to the barn. I went to the house and packed my clothes and themes. I told Mom I was going. I hated to hurt her. I thought she would cry. But she didn't. She laughed and said, "Go ahead. You'll be back. Chickens come home to roost."

I was off to the big, wide world of America. And I was on my own. First, I got work with a street carnival. Here I met people. But I lost this job somewhere near Cincinnati, Ohio. I gave too many free rides on the Merry Mixup. From here to Camp Knox. From Camp Knox to the steel mills, where I learned to be a blacksmith.

And it was in the steel mills that I became acquainted with modern American writers: Robert Frost, Edgar Lee Masters, John Gould Fletcher, Carl Sandburg, Edna Millay, Malcolm Cowley, Sterling North, Sara Teasdale, all the then known modern American poets. When September came again and the leaves colored I had my debts paid, a few dollars ahead, and I left the steel mills. The year was 1926. I was on my way to find a college.

Hitchhiking on the highway I passed Morehead State College. The place looked too big. At the second college, Kentucky Wesleyan, in Winchester, I stopped and asked a student who was mowing grass on the lawn, how much it would cost me to go to school for one year. "Three hundred dollars," he told me. That was too much for me. At Berea College I stopped, and the dean asked me a few questions. Then he said, "We have a waiting list. Come back next year." I told him I was going to college that year.

It was he who suggested Lincoln Memorial University, at Harrogate, Tenn. I hitchhiked there, Fell in line as the day students were registering. They accepted me. I didn't have a transcript of my credits and I had only \$29.30. Tell me, where but in America can one find such an opportunity?

While in college I received \$2 from my home. My people couldn't send me

anything. Not with the sister and brother next to me now in high school. I stayed at Lincoln Memorial three years and two summers, worked half a day, went to college half a day, graduated with a B average. I did all kinds of work at Lincoln Memorial University—farm work, sewer lines, water lines, carpenter work, crushed limestone for the roads, dining-room work. I found this play-work after the work I'd been used to doing before I entered college.

Little did I know on the day I graduated from Lincoln Memorial University that 21 years later I, the author of 13 books, approximately 1,500 published poems, approximately 300 short stories, would stand on the same platform and receive an honorary degree of Doctor of Humane Letters. This was something I accepted with gratitude, yet with the deepest humility, since a number of men, about my age, rose in the audience and cheered. They were my classmates and I wasn't sure just who should receive honorary degrees.

They had come to Lincoln Memorial when I did, and at that time they didn't have money or a decent suit of clothes. Today two are vice-presidents of insurance companies. Among them are doctors who have built their own hospitals in remote regions of Kentucky and Tennessee where there were no hospitals. Many are educators. This happened in America. It made me realize, if I ever realized any fact on earth, that America was a poor boy's country. That he could rise to unlimited heights if he were willing to work, if he had intelligence and good character.

When I returned to my home county from Lincoln Memorial University, the first college graduate in my family, my mother and father were proud of me. So were my brothers and sisters. I had paved the way. Later my father's dream came true. He had four teachers from his five living children, three of whom were college graduates. The fourth had a year of college. All were high school graduates. We are just one among thousands of American families where this has happened. We didn't let the chances come to us. We didn't wait for them. We went out and found them.

I was a teacher in a one-room rural school, a high school teacher, high school principal, and later Superintendent of Greenup County Schools. When I was elected Superintendent of Greenup County Schools my father rejoiced. To him this was the greatest honor any of his children ever received. When my first book, *Man with a Bull-Tongue Plow*, a collection of 703 poems, was published, my father couldn't understand. He didn't, nor does he today, understand books. To

him books are second-hand life. And when people spoke to him about this book and others that followed, he'd turn the subject to my farming or my teaching. He couldn't read my books and he wouldn't sit still long enough to have one read to him.

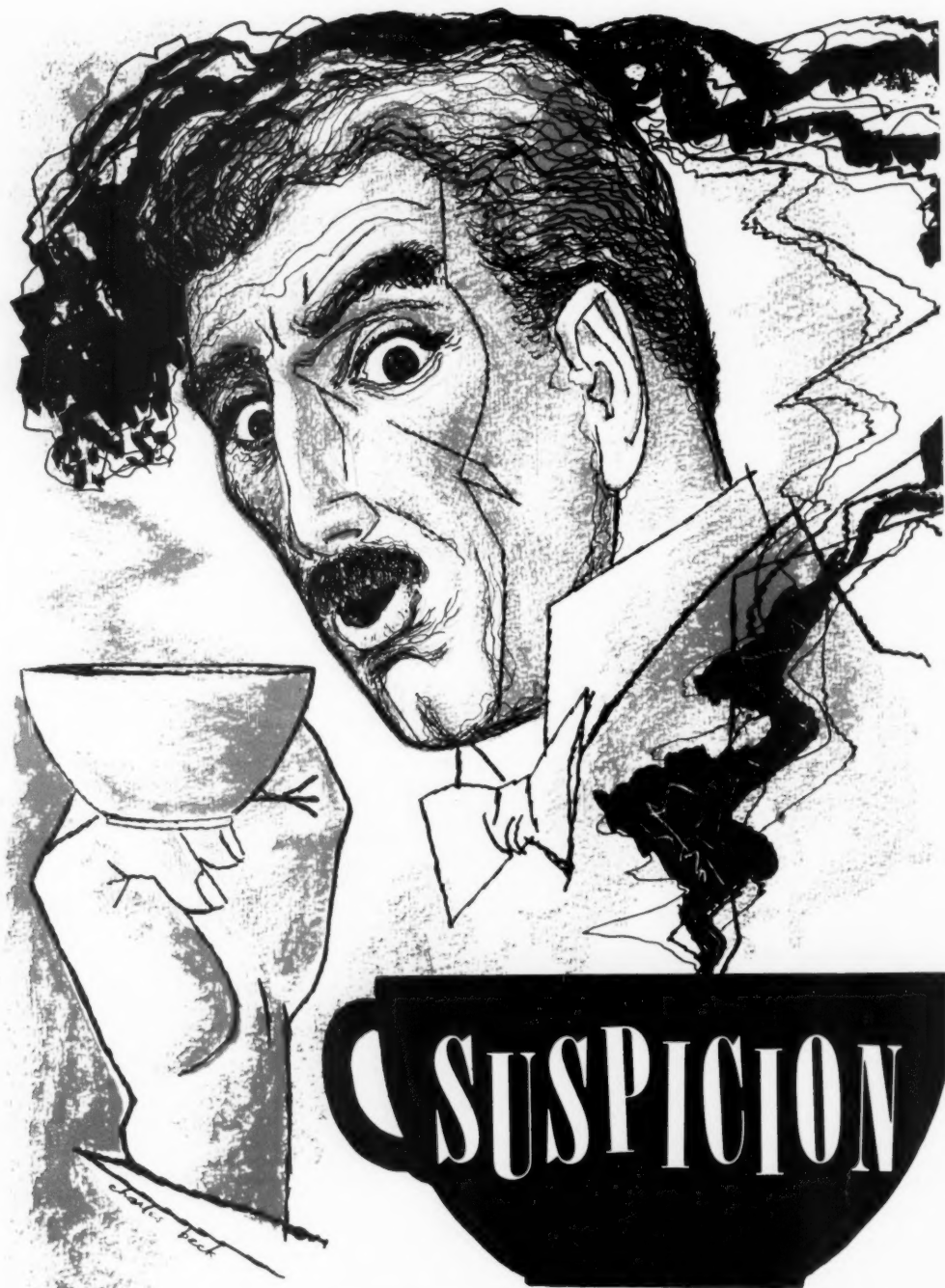
There was another thing for which I am eternally grateful. There was a family who came to America by the name of Guggenheim and they made some money in America. They put this money to a good cause. They gave, and still give, more than 100 fellowships each year to students in various fields, from research to creative work in the arts and sciences. I applied for a fellowship, and got it for creative writing. I didn't know the Guggenheims. Not even a descendant of the family. I didn't know a member of the board who selected me. I was given \$2,000 to spend abroad. I didn't have to report how I spent this money. I didn't even have to report what I had written.

AFTER 14 months among the different nationalities of Europe, whose antecedents had made America, I returned to my America with this feeling: I never knew America until I went to Europe. The Europeans were fine and hospitable people. But their opportunities were so limited as compared to ours in America. I wondered what would happen if the young men and women in Europe had the chances America offered.

America didn't owe me a cent. I owed America. I owed thanks to over 1,000,000 Americans who had bought my books. I owed thanks to book reviewers who had given me valuable criticism and praise and who had helped me to become a writer. I owed more than I could ever repay to my teachers, elementary, high school, and college. They had lifted and inspired me to do bigger and better things. I was indebted to editors of magazines who bought and published my stories and poems.

I was indebted to the editors and publishers of my books. All of these people had contributed to make me a writer. Not that my father's work had not been honorable, but if I had been born and brought up in many countries I had seen, I would have followed the occupation of my father—while in America a man can choose his own profession.

I returned to America on the *Conte de Savoia*. When we passed the Statue of Liberty, if my arms had been long enough to reach from my ship, I would have hugged her neck. America is the dream. America is the place. America is it.



The newspapers said a cook in the neighborhood was suspected
of being an arsenic poisoner . . . Could it be Mr. Mummery's?



By DOROTHY L. SAYERS

AS THE atmosphere of the railway carriage thickened with tobacco smoke, Mr. Mummery became increasingly aware that his breakfast had not agreed with him.

There could have been nothing wrong with the breakfast itself. Brown bread, rich in vitamin content, as advised by the *Morning Star's* health expert; bacon fried to a delicious crispness; eggs just nicely set; coffee made as only Mrs. Sutton knew how to make it. Mrs. Sutton had been a real find, and that was something to be thankful for. For Ethel, since her nervous breakdown in the summer, had really not been fit to wrestle with the untrained girls who had come and gone in tempestuous succession. It took very little to upset Ethel nowadays, poor child. Mr. Mummery, trying hard to ignore his growing internal discomfort, hoped he was not in for an illness. Apart from the trouble it would cause at the office, it would worry Ethel terribly, and Mr. Mummery would cheerfully have laid down his rather uninteresting little life to spare Ethel a moment's uneasiness.

He slipped a digestive tablet into his mouth—he had taken lately to carrying a few tablets about with him—and opened his paper. There did not seem

to be very much news. A question had been asked in the House of Commons about Government typewriters. The Prince of Wales had smilingly opened an all-British exhibition of footwear. A further split had occurred in the Liberal party. The police were still looking for the woman who was supposed to have poisoned a family in Lincoln. Two girls had been trapped in a burning factory. A film star had obtained her fourth decree nisi.

At Paragon Station, Mr. Mummery descended and took a tram. The internal discomfort was taking the form of a definite nausea. Happily he contrived to reach his office before the worst occurred. He was seated at his desk, pale but in control of himself, when his partner came breezing in.

"Morning, Mummery," said Mr. Brookes in his loud tones, adding inevitably, "cold enough for you?"

"Quite," replied Mr. Mummery. "Unpleasantly raw, in fact."

"Beastly, beastly," said Mr. Brookes. "Your bulbs all in?"

"Not quite all," confessed Mr. Mummery. "As a matter of fact I haven't been feeling—"

"Pity," interrupted his partner. "Great pity. Ought to get 'em in early. Mine were in last week. My little place will be a picture in the spring. For a town garden, that is. You're lucky, living in the country. Find it better than Hull, I expect, eh? Though we get plenty of fresh air up in the Avenues. How's the missus?"

"Thank you, she's very much better."

"Glad to hear that, very glad. Hope we shall have her about again this winter as usual. Can't do without her in the Drama Society, you know. By Jove I shan't forget her acting last year in 'Romance.' She and young Welbeck positively brought the house down, didn't they? The Welbecks were asking after her only yesterday."

"Thank you, yes. I hope she will soon be able to take up her social activities again. But the doctor says she mustn't overdo it. No worry, he says—that's the important thing. She is to go easy and not rush about or undertake too much."

"Quite right, quite right. Worry's the devil and all. I cut out worrying years ago and look at me! Fit as a fiddle, for all I shan't see fifty again. You're not looking altogether the thing, by the way."

"A touch of dyspepsia," said Mr. Mummery. "Nothing much. Chill on the liver, that's what I put it down to."

"That's what it is," said Mr. Brookes, seizing his opportunity. "Is life worth

living? It depends upon the liver. Ha, ha! Well now, well now—we must do a spot of work, I suppose. Where's that lease of Ferraby's?"

Mr. Mummery, who did not feel at his conversational best that morning, rather welcomed this suggestion, and for half an hour was allowed to proceed in peace with the duties of an estate agent. Presently, however, Mr. Brookes burst into speech again.

"By the way," he said abruptly, "I suppose your wife doesn't know of a good cook, does she?"

"Well, no," replied Mr. Mummery. "They aren't so easy to find nowadays. In fact, we've only just got suited ourselves. But why? Surely your old Cookie isn't leaving you?"

"Good lord, no!" Mr. Brookes laughed heartily. "It would take an earthquake to shake off old Cookie. No, it's for the Philipsons. Their girl's getting married. That's the worst of girls. I said to Philipson, 'You mind what you're doing,' I said. 'Get somebody you know something about, or you may find yourself landed with this poisoning woman—what's her name?'—Andrews. Don't want to be sending wreaths to your funeral yet awhile," I said. He laughed, but it's no laughing matter and so I told him. What we pay the police for I simply don't know. Nearly a month now, and they can't seem to lay hands on the woman. All they say is, they think she's hanging about the neighborhood and 'may seek a situation as cook.' As cook! Now I ask you!"

"You don't think she committed suicide, then?" suggested Mr. Mummery.

"Suicide my foot!" retorted Mr. Brookes coarsely. "Don't you believe it, my boy. That coat found in the river was all eyewash. They don't commit suicide, that sort don't."

"What sort?"

"Those arsenic maniacs. They're too careful of their own skins. Cunning as weasels, that's what they are. It's only to be hoped they'll manage to catch her before she tries her hand on anybody else. As I told Philipson—"

"You think Mrs. Andrews did it, then?"

"Did it? Of course she did it. It's plain as the nose on your face. Looked after her old father, and he died suddenly—left her a bit of money, too. Then she keeps house for an elderly gentleman, and he dies suddenly. Now there's this husband and wife—man dies and woman taken very ill, of arsenic poisoning. Cook runs away, and you ask, did she do it? I don't mind betting that when they dig up the father and the other old bird they'll find them

full of arsenic, too. Once that sort gets started, they don't stop. Grows on 'em, as you might say."

"I suppose it does," said Mr. Mummery. He picked up his paper again and studied the photograph of the missing woman. "She looks harmless enough," he remarked. "Rather a nice, motherly-looking kind of woman."

"She's got a bad mouth," pronounced Mr. Brookes. He had a theory that character showed in the mouth. "I wouldn't trust that woman an inch."

AS THE day went on, Mr. Mummery felt better. He was rather nervous about his lunch, choosing carefully a little boiled fish and custard pudding and being particular not to rush about immediately after the meal. To his great relief, the fish and custard remained where they were put, and he was not visited by that tiresome pain which had become almost habitual in the last fortnight. By the end of the day he became quite light-hearted. The bogey of illness and doctor's bills ceased to haunt him. He bought a bunch of bronze chrysanthemums to carry home to Ethel, and it was with a feeling of pleasant anticipation that he left the train and walked up the garden path of *Mon Abri*.

He was a little dashed by not finding his wife in the sitting room. Still clutching the bunch of chrysanthemums he pattered down the passage and pushed open the kitchen door.

Nobody was there but the cook. She was sitting at the table with her back to him, and started up almost guiltily as he approached.

"Lor, sir," she said, "you give me quite a start. I didn't hear the front door go."

"Where is Mrs. Mummery? Not feeling bad again, is she?"

"Well, sir, she's got a bit of a headache, poor lamb. I made her lay down and took her up a nice cup o' tea at half past four. I think she's doing nicely now."

"Dear, dear," said Mr. Mummery.

"It was turning out the dining room done it, if you ask me," said Mrs. Sutton. "'Now, don't you overdo yourself, ma'am.' I says to her, but you know how she is, sir. She gets that restless, she can't bear to be doing nothing."

"I know," said Mr. Mummery. "It's not your fault, Mrs. Sutton. I'm sure you look after us both admirably. I'll just run up and have a peep at her. I won't disturb her if she's asleep. By the way, what are we having for dinner?"

"Well, I *had* made a nice steak-and-kidney pie," said Mrs. Sutton, in accents suggesting that she would readily turn it into a pumpkin or a coach and four if it was not approved of.

"Oh!" said Mr. Mummery. "Pastry? Well, I—"

"You'll find it beautiful and light," protested the cook, whisking open the oven door for Mr. Mummery to see. "And it's made with butter, sir, you having said that you found lard indigestible."

"Thank you, thank you," said Mr. Mummery. "I'm sure it will be most excellent. I haven't been feeling altogether the thing just lately, and lard does not seem to suit me nowadays."

"Well, it don't suit some people, and that's a fact," agreed Mrs. Sutton. "I shouldn't wonder if you've got a bit of a chill on the liver. I'm sure this weather is enough to upset anybody."

She bustled to the table and cleared away the picture paper she had been reading.

"Perhaps the mistress would like her dinner sent up to her?" she suggested.

Mr. Mummery said he would go and see, and tiptoed his way upstairs. Ethel was lying snuggled under the eider-down and looked very small and fragile in the big double bed. She stirred as he came in and smiled up at him.

"Hullo, darling!" said Mr. Mummery. "Hullo! You back? I must have been asleep. I got tired and headachy, and Mrs. Sutton packed me off upstairs."

"You've been doing too much, sweetheart," said her husband taking her hand in his and sitting down on the edge of the bed.

"Yes—it was naughty of me. What lovely flowers, Harold. All for me?"

"All for you, Tiddleywinks," said Mr. Mummery tenderly. "Don't I deserve something for that?"

Mrs. Mummery smiled, and Mr. Mummery took his reward several times over.

"That's quite enough, you sentimental old thing," said Mrs. Mummery. "Run away, now. I'm going to get up."

"Much better go to bed, my precious, and let Mrs. Sutton send your dinner up," said her husband.

ETHEL protested, but he was firm with her. If she didn't take care of herself, she wouldn't be allowed to go to the Drama Society meetings. And everybody was so anxious to have her back. The Welbecks had been asking after her and saying that they really couldn't get on without her.

"Did they?" said Ethel with some animation. "It's very sweet of them to want me. Well, perhaps I'll go to bed after all. And how has my old Hubby been all day?"

"Not too bad, not too bad."

"No more tummyaches?"

"Well, just a *little* tummyache. But it's quite gone now. Nothing for Tiddleywinks to worry about."

Mr. Mummery experienced no more distressing symptoms the next day or the next. Following the advice of the newspaper expert, he took to drinking orange juice, and was delighted with the results of the treatment. On Thursday, however, he was taken so ill in the night that Ethel was alarmed and insisted on sending for the doctor. The doctor felt his pulse and looked at his tongue and appeared to take the matter lightly. An inquiry into what he had been eating elicited the fact that dinner had consisted of pig's trotters, followed by a milk pudding, and that, before retiring, Mr. Mummery had consumed a large glass of orange juice, according to his new regime.

"There's your trouble," said Dr. Griffith cheerfully. "Orange juice is an excellent thing, and so are trotters, but not in combination. Pig and oranges together are extraordinarily bad for the liver. I don't know why they should be, but there's no doubt that they are. Now I'll send you round a little prescription and you stick to slops for a day or two and keep off pork. And don't you worry about him, Mrs. Mummery, he's as sound as a trout. You're the one we've got to look after. I don't want to see those black rings under the eyes, you know. Disturbed night, of course—yes. Taking your tonic regularly? That's right. Well, don't be alarmed about your hubby. We'll soon have him out and about again."

The prophecy was fulfilled, but not



immediately. Mr. Mummery, though confining his diet to Benger's food, bread and milk and beef tea skillfully prepared by Mrs. Sutton and brought to his bedside by Ethel, remained very seedy all through Friday, and was only able to stagger rather shakily downstairs on Saturday afternoon. He had evidently suffered a "thorough upset." However, he was able to attend to a few papers which Brookes had sent down from the office for his signature, and to deal with the household books. Ethel was not a business woman, and Mr. Mummery always ran over the

accounts with her. Having settled up with the butcher, the baker, the dairy and the coal merchant, Mr. Mummery looked up inquiringly.

"Anything more, darling?"

"Well, there's Mrs. Sutton. This is the end of her month, you know."

"So it is. Well, you're quite satisfied with her, aren't you, darling?"

"Yes, rather—aren't you? She's a good cook, and a sweet, motherly old thing, too. Don't you think it was a real brain wave of mine, engaging her like that, on that spot?"

"I do, indeed," said Mr. Mummery.

"It was a perfect providence, her turning up like that, just after that wretched Jane had gone off without even giving notice. I was in absolute despair. It was a little bit of a gamble, of course, taking her without any references, but naturally, if she'd been looking after a widowed mother, you couldn't expect her to give references."

"N-no," said Mr. Mummery. At the time he had felt uneasy about the matter, though he had not liked to say much because, of course, they simply had to have somebody. And the experiment had justified itself so triumphantly in practice that one couldn't say much about it now. He had once rather tentatively suggested writing to the clergyman of Mrs. Sutton's parish but, as Ethel had said, the clergyman wouldn't have been able to tell them anything about cooking, and cooking, after all, was the chief point.

Mr. Mummery counted out the month's money.

"And by the way, my dear," he said, "you might just mention to Mrs. Sutton that if she must read the morning paper before I come down, I should be obliged if she would fold it neatly afterwards."

"What an old fuss-box you are, darling," said his wife.

Mr. Mummery sighed. He could not explain that it was somehow important that the morning paper should come to him fresh and prim. Women did not feel these things.

ON SUNDAY, Mr. Mummery felt much better—quite his old self, in fact. He enjoyed the *News of the World* over breakfast in bed, reading the murders rather carefully. Mr. Mummery got quite a lot of pleasure out of murders—they gave him an agreeable thrill of vicarious adventure, for, naturally, they were matters quite remote from daily life in the outskirts of Hull.

He noticed that Brookes had been perfectly right. Mrs. Andrews' father and former employer had been "dug up" and had, indeed, proved to be full of arsenic.

He came downstairs for dinner—

roast sirloin, with the potatoes done under the meat and Yorkshire pudding of delicious lightness, and an apple tart to follow. After three days of invalid diet, it was delightful to savor the crisp fat and underdone-lean. He ate moderately, but with a sensuous enjoyment. Ethel, on the other hand, seemed a little lacking in appetite, but then, she had never been a great meat eater. She was fastidious and, besides, she was (quite unnecessarily) afraid of getting fat.

IT WAS a fine afternoon, and at three o'clock, when he was quite certain that the roast beef was "settling" properly, it occurred to Mr. Mummery that it would be a good thing to put the rest of those bulbs in. He slipped on his old gardening coat and wandered out to the potting shed. Here he picked up a bag of tulips and a trowel, and then, remembering that he was wearing his good trousers, decided that it would be wise to take a mat to kneel on. When had he had the mat last? He could not recollect, but he rather fancied he had put it away in the corner under the potting shelf. Stooping down, he felt about in the dark among the flower pots. Yes, there it was, but there was a tin of something in the way. He lifted the tin carefully out. Of course, yes—the remains of the weed killer.

Mr. Mummery glanced at the pink label, printed in staring letters with the legend: "ARSENIC WEED KILLER. Poison," and observed, with a mild feeling of excitement, that it was the same brand of stuff that had been associated with Mrs. Andrews' latest victim. He was rather pleased about it. It gave him a sensation of being remotely but definitely in touch with important events. Then he noticed, with surprise and a little annoyance, that the stopper had been put in quite loosely.

"However'd I come to leave it like that?" he grunted. "Shouldn't wonder if all the goodness has gone off." He removed the stopper and squinted into the can, which appeared to be half-full. Then he rammed the thing home again, giving it a sharp thump with the handle of the trowel for better security. After that he washed his hands carefully at the scullery tap, for he did not believe in taking risks.

He was a trifle disconcerted, when he came in after planting the tulips, to find visitors in the sitting room. He was always pleased to see Mrs. Welbeck and her son, but he would rather have had warning, so that he could have scrubbed the garden mold out of his nails more thoroughly. Not that Mrs. Welbeck appeared to notice. She was a talkative woman and paid little attention to anything but her own conversation. Much

to Mr. Mummery's annoyance, she chose to prattle about the Lincoln Poisoning Case. A most unsuitable subject for the tea table, thought Mr. Mummery, at the best of times. His own "upset" was vivid enough in his memory to make him queasy over the discussion of medical symptoms, and besides, this kind of talk was not good for Ethel. After all, the poisoner was still supposed to be in the neighborhood. It was enough to make even a strong-nerved woman uneasy. A glance at Ethel showed him that she was looking quite white and tremulous. He must stop Mrs. Welbeck somehow, or there would be a repetition of one of the old, dreadful, hysterical scenes.

He broke into the conversation with violent abruptness.

"Those Forsyth cuttings, Mrs. Welbeck," he said. "Now is just about the time to take them. If you care to come down the garden I will get them for you."

HE SAW a relieved glance pass between Ethel and young Welbeck. Evidently the boy understood the situation and was chafing at his mother's tactlessness. Mrs. Welbeck, brought up all standing, gasped slightly and then veered off with obliging readiness on the new tack. She accompanied her host down the garden and chattered cheerfully about horticulture while he selected and trimmed the cuttings. She complimented Mr. Mummery on the immaculacy of his gravel paths. "I simply cannot keep the weeds down," she said.

Mr. Mummery mentioned the weed killer and praised its efficacy.

"That stuff!" Mrs. Welbeck stared at him. Then she shuddered. "I wouldn't have it in my place for a thousand pounds," she said, with emphasis.

Mr. Mummery smiled. "Oh, we keep it well away from the house," he said. "Even if I were a careless sort of person—"

He broke off. The recollection of the loosened stopper had come to him suddenly, and it was as though, deep down in his mind, some obscure assembling of ideas had taken place. He left it at that, and went into the kitchen to fetch a newspaper to wrap up the cuttings.

Their approach to the house had evidently been seen from the sitting-room window, for when they entered, young Welbeck was already on his feet and holding Ethel's hand in the act of saying good-bye. He maneuvered his mother out of the house with tactful promptness and Mr. Mummery returned to the kitchen to clear up the newspapers he had fished out of the drawer. To clear them up and to examine them more closely. Something had struck him about

them, which he wanted to verify. He turned them over very carefully, sheet by sheet. Yes—he had been right. Every portrait of Mrs. Andrews, every paragraph and line about the Lincoln Poisoning Case, had been carefully cut out.

Mr. Mummery sat down by the kitchen fire. He felt as though he needed warmth. There seemed to be a curious cold lump of something at the pit of his stomach—something that he was chary of investigating.

HE tried to recall the appearance of Mrs. Andrews as shown in the newspaper photographs, but he had not a good visual memory. He remembered having remarked to Brookes that it was a "motherly" face. Then he tried counting up the time since the disappearance. Nearly a month, Brookes had said—and that was a week ago. Must be over a month now. A month. He had just paid Mrs. Sutton her month's money.

"Ethel!" was the thought that hammered at the door of his brain. At all costs, he must cope with this monstrous suspicion on his own. He must spare her any shock or anxiety. And he must be sure of his ground. To dismiss the only decent cook they had ever had out of sheer, unfounded panic, would be wanton cruelty to both women. If he did it at all, it would have to be done arbitrarily, preposterously—he could not suggest horrors to Ethel. However it was done, there would be no trouble. Ethel would not understand and he dared not tell her.

But if by any chance there was anything in this ghastly doubt—how could he expose Ethel to the appalling danger of having the woman in the house a moment longer? He thought of the family at Lincoln—the husband dead, the wife escaped by a miracle with her life. Was not any shock, any risk, better than that?

Mr. Mummery felt suddenly very lonely and tired. His illness had taken it out of him.

Those illnesses—they had begun, when? Three weeks ago he had had the first attack. Yes, but then he had always been rather subject to gastric troubles. Bilious attacks. Not so violent, perhaps, as these last, but undoubted bilious attacks.

He pulled himself together and went, rather heavily, into the sitting room. Ethel was tucked up in a corner of the chesterfield.

"Tired, darling?"

"Yes, a little."

"That woman has worn you out with talking. She oughtn't to talk so much."

"No." Her head shifted wearily in the cushions. "All about that horrible case. I don't like hearing about such things."

"Of course not. Still, when a thing like that happens in the neighborhood, people will gossip and talk. It would be a relief if they caught the woman. One doesn't like to think—"

"I don't want to think of anything so hateful. She must be a horrible creature."

"Horrible, Brookes was saying the other day—"

"I don't want to hear what he said. I don't want to hear about it at all. I want to be quiet. I want to be quiet!"

He recognized the note of rising hysteria.

"Tiddleywinks shall be quiet. Don't worry, darling. We won't talk about horrors."

No. It would not do to talk about them.

Ethel went to bed early. It was understood that on Sundays Mr. Mummery should sit up till Mrs. Sutton came in. Ethel was a little anxious about this, but he assured her that he felt quite strong enough. In body, indeed, he did; it was his mind that felt weak and confused. He had decided to make a casual remark about the mutilated newspapers—just to see what Mrs. Sutton would say.

AT A quarter to ten he heard the familiar click of the garden gate. Footsteps passed up the gravel-squeak, squeak, to the back-door. Then the sound of the latch, the shutting of the door, the rattle of the bolts being shot home. Then a pause. Mrs. Sutton would be taking off her hat. The moment was coming.

The step sounded in the passage. The door opened. Mrs. Sutton in her neat black dress stood on the threshold. He was aware of a reluctance to face her. Then he looked up. A plump-faced woman, her eyes obscured by thick horn-rimmed spectacles. Was there, perhaps, something hard about the mouth? Or was it just that she had lost most of her front teeth?

"Would you be requiring anything tonight, sir, before I go up?"

"No, thank you, Mrs. Sutton."

"I hope you are feeling better, sir." Her eager interest in his health seemed to him almost sinister, but the eyes, behind the thick glasses, were inscrutable. "Quite better, thank you, Mrs. Sutton."

"Mrs. Mummery is not indisposed, is she, sir? Should I take her up a glass of hot milk or anything?"

"No, thank you, no." He spoke hurriedly, and fancied that she looked disappointed.

"Very well, sir. Good night, sir."

"Good night. Oh! by the way, Mrs. Sutton—"

"Yes, sir?"

"Oh, nothing," said Mr. Mummery, "nothing."

Next morning Mr. Mummery opened his paper eagerly. He would have been glad to learn that an arrest had been made over the week end. But there was no news for him. The chairman of a trust company had blown out his brains, and the headlines were all occupied with tales about lost millions and ruined shareholders. Both in his own paper and in those he purchased on the way to the office, the Lincoln Poisoning Tragedy had been relegated to an obscure paragraph on a back page, which informed him that the police were still baffled.

The next few days were the most uncomfortable that Mr. Mummery had ever spent. He developed a habit of coming down early in the morning and prowling about the kitchen. This made Ethel nervous, but Mrs. Sutton offered no remark. She watched him tolerantly, even, he thought, with something like amusement. After all, it was ridiculous. What was the use of supervising the breakfast, when he had to be out of the house every day between: half past nine and six?

At the office, Brookes rallied him on the frequency with which he rang up Ethel. Mr. Mummery paid no attention. It was reassuring to hear her voice and to know that she was safe and well.

NOTHING happened, and by the following Thursday he began to think that he had been a fool. He came home late that night. Brookes had persuaded him to go with him to a little bachelor dinner for a friend who was about to get married. He left the others at eleven o'clock, however, refusing to make a night of it. The household was in bed when he got back but a note from Mrs. Sutton lay on the table informing him that there was cocoa for him in the kitchen, ready for hotting up. He hotted it up accordingly in the little saucepan. There was just one good cupful.

He sipped it thoughtfully, standing by the kitchen stove. After the first sip, he put the cup down. Was it his fancy, or was there something queer about the taste? He sipped it again, rolling it upon his tongue. It seemed to him to have a faint tang, metallic and unpleasant. In a sudden dread he ran out to the scullery and spat a mouthful into the sink.

After this, he stood quite still for a moment or two. Then, with a curious deliberation, as though his movements had been dictated to him, he fetched an empty medicine bottle from the pantry shelf, rinsed it under the tap and tipped the contents of the cup carefully into it. He slipped the bottle into his coat pocket and moved on tiptoe to the back door. The bolts were difficult

to draw without noise, but he managed it at last. Still on tiptoe he stole across the garden to the potting shed. Stooping down, he struck a match. He knew exactly where he had left the tin of weed killer, under the shelf behind the pots at the back. Cautiously he lifted it out. The match flared up and burnt his fingers, but before he could light another his sense of touch told him what he wanted to know. The stopper was loose again.

Panic seized Mr. Mummery, standing there in the earthy-smelling shed, in his dress suit and overcoat, holding the tin in one hand and the match box in the other. He wanted very badly to run and tell somebody what he had discovered.

Instead, he replaced the tin exactly where he had found it and went back to the house. As he crossed the garden, again, he noticed a light in Mrs. Sutton's bedroom window. This terrified him more than anything which had gone before. Was she watching him? Ethel's window was dark. If she had drunk anything deadly there would be lights everywhere, movements, calls for the doctor, just as when he himself had been attacked. Attacked—that was the right word, he thought.

Still, with the same odd presence of mind and precision, he went in, washed out the utensils and made a second brew of cocoa, which he left standing in the saucepan. He crept quietly to his bedroom. Ethel's voice greeted him on the threshold.

"How late you are, Harold. Naughty old boy! Have a good time?"

"Not bad. You all right, darling?"

"Quite all right. Did Mrs. Sutton leave something hot for you? She said she would."

"Yes, but I wasn't thirsty."

Ethel laughed. "Oh! it was *that* sort of party, was it?"

Mr. Mummery did not attempt any denials. He undressed and got into bed. Next morning he would act. He thanked God that he was not too late.

MR. Dimthorpe, the chemist, was a great friend of Mr. Mummery's. They had often sat together in the untidy little shop on Spring Bank and exchanged views on green-fly and club-root. Mr. Mummery told his story frankly to Mr. Dimthorpe and handed over the bottle of cocoa. Mr. Dimthorpe congratulated him on his prudence and intelligence.

"I will have it ready for you by this evening," he said, "and if it's what you think it is, then we shall have a clear case on which to take action."

Mr. Mummery thanked him, and was extremely vague and inattentive at business all day. But that hardly mattered, for Mr. Brookes, who had seen the



ABOUT THE AUTHOR . . .

Dorothy L. Sayers is a British writer with the reputation of being one of the four or five most literate and accomplished writers of detective fiction. She was born in 1893 in eastern England and was one of the first women to be granted a degree by Oxford University (in 1915), where she won first honors in medieval literature. Later she took a job with a London advertising agency writing advertising copy. In her spare time she wrote a novel and a volume of poetry. Her first detective novel, *Whose Body?*, was published in 1923. In it, Lord Peter Wimsey, one of the great detectives of modern detective literature, first saw the light of print.

party through to a riotous end in the small hours, was in no very observant mood. At half past four, Mr. Mummery shut up his desk decisively and announced that he was off early, he had a call to make.

Mr. Dimthorpe was ready for him. "No doubt about it," he said. "I used Marsh's test. It's a heavy dose—no wonder you tasted it. There must be four or five grains of pure arsenic in that bottle. Look, here's the mirror. You can see it for yourself."

Mr. Mummery gazed at the little glass tube with its ominous purple-black stain.

"Will you ring up the police from here?" asked the chemist.

"No," said Mr. Mummery. "No—I want to get home. God knows what's happening there. And I've only just time to catch my train."

"All right," said Mr. Dimthorpe. "Leave it to me. I'll ring them up for you."

The local train did not go fast enough

for Mr. Mummery. Ethel—poisoned—dying—dead—Ethel—poisoned—dying—dead—the wheels drummed in his ears. He almost ran out of the station and along the road. A car was standing at his door. He saw it from the end of the street and broke into a gallop. It had happened already. The doctor was there. Fool, murderer that he was to have left things so late.

THEN while he was still a hundred and fifty yards off, he saw the front door open. A man came out followed by Ethel. The visitor got into his car and was driven away. Ethel went in again. She was safe—safe!

He could hardly control himself to hang up his hat and coat and go in looking reasonably calm. His wife had returned to the armchair by the fire and greeted him in some surprise. There were tea things on the table.

"Back early, aren't you?"

"Yes—business was slack. Somebody been to tea?"

"Yes, young Welbeck. About the arrangements for the Drama Society." She spoke briefly but with an undertone of excitement.

A qualm came over Mr. Mummery. Would a guest be any protection? His face must have shown his feelings, for Ethel stared at him in amazement.

"What's the matter, Harold, you look so queer."

"Darling," said Mr. Mummery. "There's something I want to tell you about." He sat down and took her hand in his. "Something a little unpleasant, I'm afraid—"

"Oh, ma'am!"

The cook was in the doorway.

"I beg your pardon, sir—I didn't know you was in. Will you be taking tea or can I clear away? And, oh, ma'am, there was a young man at the fishmonger's and he's just come from Grimsby, and they've caught that dreadful woman—that Mrs. Andrews. Isn't it a good thing? It's worried me dreadful to think she was going about like that, but they've caught her. Taken a job as housekeeper, she had, to two elderly ladies and they found the wicked poison on her. Girl as spotted her will get a reward. I been keeping my eyes open for her, but it's at Grimsby she was all the time."

Mr. Mummery clutched at the arm of his chair. It had all been a mad mistake then. He wanted to shout or cry. He wanted to apologize to this foolish, pleasant, excited woman. All a mistake.

But there had been the cocoa. Mr. Dimthorpe. Marsh's test. Five grains of arsenic. Who, then—?

He glanced around at his wife, and in her eyes he saw something that he had never seen before. . . .

Young Voices

SELECTIONS CONTRIBUTED BY STUDENT WRITERS

SHIRLEY MARBLE'S short story was awarded a national commendation in the 1951 Scholastic Writing Awards and a regional award in the competition co-sponsored by the *New Orleans States*.

Good for Nothin'

Every day was the same—get up, dress, eat what he could find, and leave for school. All these were commonplace things, except his morning walk down the narrow, winding, dirt road which was shaded by towering old oaks. Over the grassy knoll he could visualize the wood's edge, could picture the vines and bushes growing freely upon the ground with trees rising above them. How he enjoyed the countryside!

This morning the air, smelling of honeysuckle, was warm and sweet. Gay flowers were splashing hill and dale with color, and vivid green leaves were fluttering in the breeze. Yes, life was good, he thought, and once again his courage surged up. Around the bend, he saw some tiny violets partially hidden by the tall grass. There were just a few, but he thought of his Ma. Stopping for a moment, he picked one.

It had been six years now since Ma had died. Fingering the wilting violet in his warm hand, he thought that perhaps if Pa had been understanding, things would have been different. . . .

Abruptly his thoughts were interrupted by the school bell. Several minutes later, flushed and breathless from running, he slipped into his hard

wooden seat in the back of the room and opened his reader. One lesson followed another, none interesting him. The day dragged by. His aptitude was poor, as it had been quite often lately. Around him, his schoolmates were secretly telling jokes, and he dimly realized what they were saying. But the jokes did not seem funny to him.

After a dry hour of history, school finally drew to a close and again he was walking, this time toward the tangled brush and the woods. He was heading for his refuge, a cool shallow stream that ran clean and swift over the smooth rocks in the afternoon sunlight.

"This is living!" he cried to the little brown bird sitting lightly on the limb of a nearby bush. The bird chirped in agreement and fluttered away.

Back on the bank, he took a sheet of clean white paper from his notebook, picked up a pencil and began to draw. His pencil moved swiftly, sketching the shaded reflections of the trees in the clear rippling water. As he added a line here and there, his drawing seemed to "come to life." He sensed that he had captured some of the beauty and peacefulness of the scene. Perhaps, if this talent were discovered. . . . But he had no chance to display his ability. His lifetime would be spent getting up morning after morning to go into the fields for another day of labor.

Darkness was drawing near and shadows were beginning to fall when he finally realized the time. Crumpling the sketch, he threw it in the creek and started for home. Pa would be getting supper by now and the milking should have been done a long time ago. Pa wouldn't like his coming in late. He could imagine Pa over the wood stove, stirring dried beans with the same old wooden spoon.

He saw the smoke curling upward against the darkened sky even before he saw the house. Yes, Pa was at the stove, but hoping there was still time to milk, he ran toward the barn.

Pa, catching sight of him through the broken pane, muttered in disgust. "He's no good outta school, no good in school. Just plain good for nothin'."

Shirley Marble, 16

Culkin Academy H.S.

Vicksburg, Miss.

Teacher, Mrs. William Sullivan

Samson Tuchman's light-hearted essay pokes fun at one of our newest educational mediums. But don't take him too seriously; he is all in favor

of educational television. Samson won a National Commendation in Short Story in the 1951 Scholastic Writing Awards.

On 'Educational Television'

Hopalong's "Neilsen Rating" is about to slip. Educational television is on its way. Huh, huh, eleven channels devoted entirely to the elevation of the American intellect. Naturally a few changes may be necessary to get the elevator going. Nothing too radical. Frinstance, the preservation-of-America's -cultural -heritage might inspire Pepsi Cola to replace Fay Emerson with her uncle, Ralph Waldo. And an appropriately subdued commerci . . . er . . . consumer suggestion, can be subtly blended in between "An Essay on Self Reliance" and "The American Scholar." . . .

Pepsis fizz while others sleep
They dare while others fly
Pepsis are twelve ounces deep
And bounce right to the sky.

This can be sung cantata style by Mario Lanza.

New sponsors will soon recognize this advertising medium. Jingles like "Be Happy, Go Oxford" will flicker through the channels. Sales of Oxford Exam Review Books will treble! Not to be outdone, the Barron Publishing Company might offer "Barron's Exam Answer Book Dares Them All! Double your money back if you don't get a sixty-five and More . . . More . . . More!" These little books will become a household word. And Cambridge's Review Books may compete with "Thirty Day Trial. More teachers use Cambridge's Review Books than any other on the market by more than 7-1. Just read and compare. Be satisfied."

Educational television will not do away with inter-channel competition. "The Encyclopaedia Britannica's Toast of the Campus" featuring an all-star cast of college deans in a game of anagrams, might find tough competition in "Paramecium Open House" with its array of protozoan pin-ups. The poorer channels might be forced to show Multiplication Tables on their screens for long intervals of time. And to lend a little vitality to the show, a Logarithm Table might be substituted every third hour. Of course, to be real daring, the tables can be shown upside down. . . .

But big-time, big-name shows will eventually dominate the video scene. "Practical French" taught by Maurice



Illustration by Elizabeth White, North H.S., Wichita, Kansas, was shown in the 1951 Scholastic Art Awards.

Chevalier may well be the hit of the future. And "Cerebrum Calisthenics," your early morning brain wrinkler, will no doubt twist enough brains to give it a permanent furrow in the American mentality. For music lovers, "Your Chamber Music Hit Parade" headlining the Budapest String Quartet, will have an emerging generation of American bobby-soxers swooning to the heavenly tones of Yehudi Menuhin and His Magic Violin. The potentialities of educational television are endless. And what will be the final result? Just wait a few years. Then stop the first fella walking down the street and ask him what is his academic background. Without a doubt, he will smile with the pride of a Rhodes scholar, and nostalgically say, "N.B.C. Class of '52; C.B.S. Graduate School '54; and I got my Ph.D. on Channel 11, Class of '55. . . ."

Samson Tuchman
Abraham Lincoln H.S.
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Teacher, Maxwell Nurnberg

Enid Kline was awarded a National Fourth Award in Poetry in the 1951 Scholastic Writing Awards and a regional award in the competition co-sponsored by the *Boston Post*.

Seaside

I stumbled over rocks
And saw an ocean
Pulse and roar,
Spray-stung
With salt knives of white cold.
I stretched my arms
In a moment of wild aloneness
And tried to hold the world
To my heart.

Enid Kline, 17
Brookline (Mass.) High School
Teacher, Francis W. Newsom

Norma Jean Blackburn was awarded a National Honorable Mention in Poetry in the 1951 Scholastic Writing Awards.

Ambivalence

Why should you
With the insolence of your
Finely formed muscle and mind—
You, with love: tactual, systematic, no
more—
Why should you
So stride through my thoughts
That I follow your footprints in my
dreams?

Norma Jean Blackburn, 17
Manual Arts Senior H.S.
Los Angeles, Calif.
Teacher, G. T. Walterhouse

Francis Hull's essay was awarded a national commendation in the 1951 Scholastic Writing Awards and a regional award in the competition co-sponsored by the *Newport News Times Herald*.

Reflections of a Newsboy

In the category of people, one meets the most diversified on a news route. I feel I have taken an extra-curricular course this fall in "Human Nature" or "Psychology of the Customer." The observations I now present, in friendly banter, bear fictitious names, as I would be woefully set back to receive notes on "The Personality of My Newsboy."

Men, apparently, keep money in one known place. Women look frantically from kitchen containers to upstairs rooms for a change purse. Mrs. B. looked so long in so many places, and brought forth so many unfruitful pocketbooks that I mentally joined her in a guessing game as to where her actual money might be. I concluded my guess was probably as accurate as hers. Finally, tucked in a briefcase, the purse was discovered, and proudly Mrs. B. presented a ten-dollar bill which I could not change. . . .

Most fellows think that Mr. X is grumpy, but I feel sorry for him. He wouldn't scold so about people's walking on his grass or children's being on his street if he were happy inside. I wish he were happy about important things, so that he wouldn't fill his life with little annoyances. . . .

Two of my favorite customers are Mr. and Mrs. L. They are elderly, and the years have seasoned them into a

See Yourself in Print

● Have you a short story, poem, or essay, of which you're especially proud? Send it to the Young Voices Editor, Scholastic Magazines, 351 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N. Y. Enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you wish your contribution returned. Material published is automatically considered for awards in the annual Scholastic Writing Awards and for honors in those areas where Regional Scholastic Writing awards are sponsored by local newspapers.

quaint and lovely pair. There is evidence of thoughtfulness about them: a brick on the porch to hold a paper on a windy day; a screen door propped open to catch a paper on a rainy day; a hearty "Come in and get warm" on a cold night. I like to think that they sent forth from that little house sons and daughters who are thoughtful, happy, and warm-hearted citizens. . . .

Mrs. J. is a teacher. She doesn't "my-little-man" a fellow. She talks straight from the shoulder; she believes the future is bright for a boy who will work toward his education. I didn't know her name until Christmas, but all fall she added notches to my hopes and ambitions. . . .

One can feel the atmosphere of a home through an open door. It can be hurried and hectic or it can be warmly secure and serene. Some homes have television sets but few books on the shelves; some have few luxuries but rooms filled with living.

My older brother once said he had met some of the finest people he knew as he delivered groceries. He is now studying for the ministry; so I know his experiences at open doors were as helpful as mine.

I end on an odd note. Yesterday, I read my own paper and found it filled with history-in-the-making. I felt, as my customers did, sorrow and concern over the war situation, interest in community projects, and a needed laugh from the comics.

Later in the day I met Mr. K who said, "Stop my paper tomorrow. There isn't anything in it any more." Poor Mr. K.—I'm sorry for him. I'm proud to know so many fine people on my route who take their news, be it heart-breaking or heart-warming, as a necessity in their lives.

Francis Hull, 14

Newport News (Va.) High School
Teacher, Annye B. Burbank



Colored pencil entry by Thomas Budney, Bayview H.S., Milwaukee, Wis., shown in 1951 Scholastic Art Awards.



1. Henry (Audie Murphy), a new recruit in the Union Army, marches toward his first battle. He is suddenly beginning to doubt his courage to meet the enemy. Friend Jim Cawkins (John Dierkes) tries to cheer him.



2. During the heat of battle Henry forgets his fears. The "Reb" attack is repulsed. With a surge of pride, Henry realizes that his courage held and that he didn't run.

The Red Badge of Courage

STEPHEN CRANE'S classic novel of the Civil War, which portrays a sensitive youth's reaction to his first battle, has been made into a dramatic film. With John Huston as director and scenario writer, M-G-M has presented Crane's famous story, *The Red Badge of Courage*, faithfully and forcefully. Huston is a winner of numerous awards for outstanding films such as *The Treasure of Sierra Madre*. Son of the famous actor Walter Huston, John Huston was an amateur boxing champion and also a successful short story writer before making his mark in Hollywood.

The Red Badge of Courage records the fear that grips any soldier as he faces the enemy for the first time. In Crane's realistic story the young hero, a farm boy who has enlisted in the Union Army, finally succeeds in conquering his fear. In regaining his courage, he finds the confidence that marks the beginning of his manhood.

Stephen Crane wrote *The Red Badge of Courage* before he was twenty-two. In his short writing career, he produced many other well-known novels and stories. During a shipwreck, on which he based his short story "The Open Boat," he suffered from over-exposure which resulted in his death at the age of twenty-eight.

Audie Murphy, young World War II hero, stars in the film; ex-G.I. cartoonist Bill Mauldin plays a supporting role.



3. Men on the firing line face the enemy with their muzzle-loaders, while men in the rear reload; ranks then swap places.



4. As Union forces relax in victory, the "Rebs" spring a second surprise attack. Outnumbered and caught unawares, the handful of battle-weary Union soldiers panics and runs. Henry finds himself running toward the rear in terror, too.

5. Terrified, Henry runs blindly for hours, finally stumbles across tattered and wounded remnants of his company straggling back from battle. His friend Jim Cawkins is among them. Fatally wounded, Jim falls dead a moment later.



6. Bitterly ashamed for having run from battle, Henry rejoins his regiment. Next day, in a fever of determination and revenge, Henry leads his company in a wild successful charge.



7. During the charge Henry rescues the regimental colors. His valor is praised by the colonel. From his first taste of war, he has learned the real value of peace. He also knows now that he can count on himself. He is a man.

The trouble started when the islanders couldn't raise the money for the Doctor's fee . . . but they handled the situation with humor—a special Irish brand

The Doctor From Dunmore

CHARACTERS

MAGGIE RAFFERTY, a neighbor
LIZZIE FUREY, another neighbor
NORA O'MALLEY, a bonesetter
KATIE CLAFFEY, a neighbor
DENNIS O'CONNOR, Mollie's son
FATHER TIM WHALEN, a priest
MAUREEN O'FLAHERTY, an Island girl
DR. FITZ WILLIAMS, a physician
MICAL DUV }
PADRIC KEARNY } curraghmen
SHAMUS O'LOUGHLIN }
SHAUN MOR O'MALLEY, "The King"

PLACE: Interior of Mollie O'Connor's cottage, on the Island of Innisheen, off the west coast of Ireland.

TIME: The present. An afternoon in summer.

The interior of an Irish cottage. The cottage is situated on a cliff, overlooking the sea. It is poor, but clean. The furniture is of the plainest kind.

DISCOVERED AT RISE: Maggie Rafferty is looking out through the window up right, anxiously watching for something. Lizzie Furey sits on a three-legged stool above the fireplace left, smoking an old clay pipe. A slight pause after the rise of the curtain. Then the door of the sickroom up left center opens and Nora enters carrying an empty water glass. Goes to the cupboard center and fills the glass with milk from a crock on the shelf. Through the open bedroom door is seen the foot of the bed and disarranged bedclothes.

Copyright, 1940, by Thomas Patrick Dillon and Nolan Leary under the title *Clouds Over Innisheen*. Revised version copyright, 1941, by Thomas Patrick Dillon and Nolan Leary under the title *The Doctor From Dunmore*. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. This play, in its printed form, is designed for the reading public only. All performance rights of *The Doctor From Dunmore*, professional or amateur, including radio, stage, television, and motion pictures, are controlled exclusively by the authors without whose permission in writing no performance of it may be made. The production fee for amateurs is \$5 a performance. Address the authors care of Literary Cavalcade. The complete text of *The Doctor From Dunmore* is included in *Modern One-Act Plays*, edited by Francis Griffith and Joseph Mersand, and published by Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1950.

By Thomas Patrick Dillon and Nolan Leary

Kneeling beside the bed is an old woman saying her beads. At the foot of it kneels Dennis. Also seen is a small table holding a crucifix and an unlighted candle.

LIZZIE: Is she any better, Nora?

NORA (pouring milk): Ah, she's only middlin', God help her. (To Maggie): Any sign of them yet?

MAGGIE: No. The devil a sign.

NORA: Now don't be worryin'. Sure it takes three hours' good rowin' in a curragh to come from the mainland even in daycent weather. (She exits into the sickroom.)

MAGGIE: Them waves 'ud put terror in yer heart at the sight o' them.

LIZZIE: Yerra, Maggie, I don't see why they had to send to the mainland for a doctor when Nora in there is better than any doctor that ever set foot on dry land.

MAGGIE: But didn't the priest say the poor woman might die if she didn't get a doctor? Faith if you fell off a rock that high, you'd be a corpse for the rest o' yer life.

LIZZIE: Well, ten thousand curses on that ould Dr. Fitzwilliams for askin' ten pounds to come. An' him round-shouldered with the weight o' the gold he does be carryin' in his pockets.

MAGGIE: Lizzie, it's a fearful thing to have to depend on any doctor.

LIZZIE: An' wasn't the doctor the blackhearted ould scoundrel to make us raise the ten pounds before he'd come. The curse o' Cromwell on him! (Spits in the fire.)

MAGGIE: Now don't be cursin' him, Lizzie. . . . Not till after he gets here anyhow. God send he makes a safe crossin'.

LIZZIE: An' why wouldn't he? Hasn't he got the three best curraghmen in the west of Ireland rowin' him across?

MAGGIE: The devil himself must be kickin' up the ocean the way that west wind is blowin'. An' the dark clouds

black'nin' the width of the sea. (Dennis O'Connor comes tiptoeing out of his mother's room, closing the door softly.) Is yer mother asleep, Dennis?

DENNIS: She is, thank God. (Getting his tam o' shanter from a hook on the wall.) I'll go up on the cliff and look.

LIZZIE: Do that. I'll have a nice cup of tay waitin' for ye when ye get back.

The door right opens. Father Tim enters. The priest dips his forefinger and thumb in the holy-water basin on the wall just inside the door and makes a small sign of the cross on his forehead with his thumb. The two women rise and make an awkward curtsy. Dennis removes his tam o' shanter.)

FATHER TIM: God bless the house.

ALL: You too, Father.

FATHER TIM: Ah, stop frettin' Den-nie avic. Sure yer face is as long as a Palm Sunday gospel. (Dennis smiles and exits right. The priest starts toward the sickroom.) An' how's Mollie?

MAGGIE: She just went to sleep, Father.

LIZZIE: Did ye hear any talk, Father Tim, how Shaun Mor is gettin' on collectin' the ten pounds the doctor's askin'?

FATHER TIM: I did. I had palaver with him along the cliff road a while back. He had only three pound nineteen and fourpence ha'penny.

MAGGIE: It's a terrible long way from ten pounds, Father.

LIZZIE: Isn't money the devil's own curse!

FATHER TIM (chuckling): Well, Lizzie, we're not cursed much with it anyhow. (They all laugh.)

MAUREEN O'FLAHERTY (enters right, carrying two eggs): God save all here!

MAGGIE and FATHER TIM: You too.

LIZZIE: The blessin' o' Mary on ye.

MAUREEN (coming center): Me mother sent me over to bring a couple of eggs for Mollie. One o' them is a duck egg. But there's good eatin' in it.

FATHER TIM (chiding her): Ah,

sure, Maureen alana, 'twasn't to bring a duck egg ye came at all.

MAUREEN (*earnestly*): Oh, but it was, Father.

FATHER TIM: Tell the truth and shame the devil, Maureen. Wasn't it to see Dennis ye came?

MAUREEN: 'Twas, Father. . . . But to bring the duck egg, too.

FATHER TIM: An' why wouldn't ye be comin' to see him? Isn't it Mrs. Dennis O'Connor ye'll be before the new moon sets in, with the help o' God?

LIZZIE (*rising*): Will ye sit down and have a cup o' hot tay to warm ye up, Father?

FATHER TIM: I haven't got time, Lizzie. I must go over to the chapel to hear confessions. (*He starts toward the door right.*) Bannock live.

LIZZIE and MAGGIE: Bannock Dia lath!

(*Father Tim exits right. Maureen goes to the bedroom door.*)

MAGGIE: Sh! She's asleep.

MAUREEN: I won't waken her. (*Maureen quietly exits.*)

MAGGIE: She's a fine daycent slip of a girl.

LIZZIE: Too bad this had to happen, with the priest only after readin' the first marriage banns for her and Dennis. Sure if Mollie dies, they'll have to wait another year.

MAGGIE: Will ye whisht woman . . . she'll be as fit as a fiddle in no time, with the grace o' God. (*She picks a sock from a basket to darn.*) Isn't it a grand couple they'll make? (*Confidentially*) I wonder how much of a dowry she'll be bringing him.

LIZZIE: The same five golden pounds that her mother had when she married Maureen's father.

MAGGIE: Isn't the dowry a queer custom entirely? Handin' the same money down from generation to generation, with nobody ever gettin' a bit o' use out of it.

LIZZIE (*superstitiously*): Don't be talkin' like that, woman. Sure it's a terrible thing to get married without a dowry. As the old sayin' goes, "Ne'er a fortune, ne'er a child!"

MAUREEN (*coming out of the sickroom*): Is the tay wet?

MAGGIE (*looking into the teapot*): 'Tis, Maureen, an' it's nice an' strong. MAUREEN (*getting a cup and saucer*):

I'll take a little sup in to Katie Claffey. Sure, the poor woman's knees must be wore out prayin'.

MAGGIE: Aye. It takes a long time to get around them seven-decade beads. . . . (*Pours tea into the cup held by Maureen.*) . . . an' Katie's such a terrible slow pray-er.

DENNIS (*entering in great excitement*): I'm just after seein' the curragh! It's landin' in the cove.

MAGGIE: Thanks be to God!

(*The women bestir themselves. Maggie, tidying up the room, takes a clean towel from a locker under the cupboard and hangs it above the bench left.*) Dennis dear, will ye put some water in the kettle? The doctor'll be needin' it. (*Dennis puts water from a bucket into the kettle on the fire.*) I'll take Katie's tay in. (*Exits, closing the door.*)

DENNIS (*going to Maureen*): Maureen darlin' . . . there's somethin' I must say to ye.

MAUREEN: What's troublin' ye, Dennis?

DENNIS: Suppose something happens to my mother?

MAUREEN: Aw it won't, Dennis.

DENNIS: It's a terrible thing to talk about, but if—if anything happened to her, God forbid, 'twould—'twould mean a whole year before we could get married an' . . . well . . . 'twouldn't be fair to ask ye to wait.

MAUREEN: Ye do want to marry me, don't ye, Dennis?

DENNIS: More than anythin' else in the world. I'll never love anyone else.

MAUREEN: Then what's a year, Dennis avic? Sure, I'd wait if it took a thousand years. Haven't I waited for ye all me life?

DENNIS (*patting Maureen's arm, simply*): God bless ye, Maureen. (*He starts pacing the floor, worried.*) I'll go out an' meet the doctor. (*Exits right.*)

(*Maureen gets five cups, saucers, spoons, from the cupboard and places them on table center. A sugar bowl and a small milk pitcher are added.*)

(*Dennis enters right, followed by the Doctor, who does not dip his fingers in the holy water.*)

DENNIS (*starting immediately toward the sickroom*): She's in here, Doctor.

DR. FITZWILLIAMS: Take your time, my boy, take your time. (*He lays his satchel on the table.*)

(*Three curraghmen enter. They all dip their fingers in the holy-water basin, unobtrusively cross their foreheads, and mumble the traditional greetings simultaneously.*)

MICAL DUV and SHAMUS O'LOUGHLIN: God bless the house.

PADRIC KEARNY: An' all that's in it.

MAUREEN: And welcome back. (*The Doctor removes his overcoat as the three curraghmen stand about awkwardly. The Doctor, now seated in a chair, pays no attention to anyone, but is busy grunting as he removes his sea boots. Dennis is impatiently standing at the sickroom door.*)

MAUREEN (*coming to Doctor with tea, milk, and sugar*): We just made the tay an' it's nice and strong.

(*He takes it, adds milk and sugar, tastes it as if critical of its quality. He is indifferent to the stern looks of the curraghmen.*)

DOCTOR: Now then . . . who's been attending the patient?

MAUREEN: Nora O'Malley, sir—Shaun Mor's sister. She's inside.

DOCTOR (*rising and removing his other coat and hanging it over the back of the armchair*): Bring her out!

MAUREEN (*exiting into the sickroom*): Yes sir.

DOCTOR (*to Lizzie*): Let me have some hot water and soap! And a clean towel—if you have one. (*Rolls up his sleeves.*)

(*Dennis takes a towel and soap and gets a washbasin off a hook on the wall, and places them on the chair.*)

LIZZIE (*filling the basin with hot water from the kettle*): Dennis avic, run over and tell Father Tim that the doctor is here.

(*Dennis gets his cap and exits right. Nora and Maureen come out of the sickroom, closing the door.*)

NORA: Ye wanted to see me, Doctor?

DOCTOR (*washing his hands*): Yes. Now—eh—tell me, just what have you done for the patient?

NORA: Well, sir . . . when I got here the men were after carryin' her up from the black rocks, where she went to cut seaweed for kelp . . .

DOCTOR (*impatiently*): All right, all



right, what did you do for her? (He *carefully dries his hands*.)

NORA: Well, sir . . . I could see her leg was broke an' the collarbone was hurt, so I straightened them out an' tied a piece o' wood to her leg. Then I sprinkled it with the blessed water from St. Colum's well. It has great curin' powers in it, an' it's better than any doctor. (The doctor gives her a quick glance.) I remember the time when oold Mick Corrigan, God rest his soul, slipped an' . . .

DOCTOR (cutting her off and tossing the towel on a chair): All right. Bring my bag. We'll have a look at her. (Nora takes the bag from the table. He leads the way into the sickroom, opens the door, and sees two women kneeling in prayer at the bedside.) Get these women out of here! (Goes into the room, followed by Nora.)

(Maggie and Katie rise quickly and humbly leave the room. Maggie closes the door after them. Katie goes to the bench up left, and sits there, resuming her prayers on the rosary. Maureen hangs up the Doctor's coat and hat.)

MICAL DUV (moving down behind the table): Wouldn't that ould fella provoke a saint?

MAGGIE (taking the basin the Doctor used and crossing right): He's enough to provoke the whole twelve Apostles. (Exits right.)

LIZZIE (to two curraghmen standing up right): Will ye stop standin' there gawkin' an' drag that bench over, an' I'll give ye some tay to warm yer insides.

(Padric and Shamus bring the bench from up right, down to back of the table center.)

MAUREEN (looking out the window up right): There's a great surf tearin' at the black rocks below. 'Twas a terrible bad crossin' ye had, Mical Duv.

MICAL DUV: It was. But we got here with God's help.

(The curraghmen are seated at the table now.)

SHAMUS: If the sea keeps runnin' like this, 'twill be terrible hard on the fishin'. There's a heavy feel to that north wind.

(Maggie enters with an empty basin and hangs it on the wall.)

PADRIC: Sure, 'tisn't like summer at all. Devil a sight o' the sun we've seen in weeks.

(A man passes the window up right.) MAUREEN: Here's Shaun Mor comin' with the collection money for the doctor.

LIZZIE (pouring tea): Hope we got enough to pay the pernicious ould pagan.

NORA (opening the door of the sickroom): Maggie, will ye come in an' give me a hand?

(Maggie exits into the sickroom.)

SHAUN MOR (entering right; holy-

water business): God save all here.

ALL: You, too.

SHAMUS: An' how are ye, Shaun?

SHAUN MOR: I'm finely, thank God. (Indicating the sickroom.) An' how's herself?

LIZZIE (putting the teapot on the table): The doctor's in there with her now. Did ye get the money?

SHAUN MOR (coming to the right of the table): It's distressed I am to tell ye, it was only a little over five pounds I was able to get. (Taking the money from his pockets and placing it on the table.) An' I scoured the Island clean. A fearful scarce thing is money nowa-days.

MAUREEN: God help us.

SHAUN MOR: Will ye count it, Maureen? I never was much of a hand at the countin' o' money or sheep. (He pulls out a ten-shilling note and a half-crown piece from another pocket as Maureen counts silently.) An' here's twelve and sixpence from Father Tim. God bless him. He had it saved up to buy a pair o' shoes.

PADRIC: He's a daycent man.

LIZZIE: Isn't ten pounds a power o' mon'y to be chargin'?

MICAL DUV: It is. If Dr. O'Sullivan wasn't up in Dublin he'd have wanted to come over for nothin'. Wait till he hears about this.

LIZZIE: But why in the name o' God did ye agree to pay it?

SHAMUS: We had to. He was the only doctor in Dunmore, an' he didn't want to come at all on account o' the storm.

PADRIC: Musha, he's a terrible ould coward.

SHAMUS: Sure, he only attends the rich people, an' he's got bags o' money.

MICAL DUV: You should see the grand house he lives in, Lizzie. Like a king's palace it is, with carpets that ye'd sink up to yer knees in, an' fine, soft chairs to sit on.

SHAMUS (with boyish delight): An' on his table is the queerest sort o' bell. Faith, ye can pick it up and shake it, an' devil a ring. But when it stood on the table, an' ye'd hit on the top . . . just a small wallop . . . on the button . . . (He demonstrates.) . . . it makes a sweet, silvery music sound.

MICAL DUV: Aye, an' then a skinny woman 'ud come runnin' in an' get terrible cross every time we hit it.

SHAMUS: I had a good chance to steal it when the ould fella's back was turned, but I didn't. God forgive me.

(Maureen has finished counting, and the money is carefully stacked on the table.)

SHAUN MOR (rising): How much is it, Maureen?

MAUREEN: Five pounds two an' ninepence ha'penny.

MICAL DUV: Sure, that's only a little more than half it.

LIZZIE: It's enough for him, the cross-tempered ould weasel.

SHAUN MOR: It's more than enough, but we gave him our word, an' if we can't pay it, what'll the big world outside think of us?

MAUREEN: What are we goin' to do? SHAUN MOR: I don't know. God help us.

SHAMUS: It's goin' to be a fearful disgrace.

(Maureen wanders up right, and gazes out the window.)

PADRIC: I could write to me Uncle Matt in Australia.

SHAUN MOR: Maybe the doctor wouldn't wait.

(The sickroom door opens. Nora enters with a drinking glass, goes to the water bucket on the bench left. She leaves the door open.)

NORA: Give us a spoon, Lizzie.

(During this action, Maureen unobtrusively slips out the door at the right.)

LIZZIE (handing Nora a spoon): What does the doctor say?

NORA (hurrying back into the sickroom): I'll tell ye later. (Exits, closing the door.)

SHAUN MOR (going up to the bucket): I'll have a drop o' that water meself. (Lifting the cup in a toast:) Slauncha! (Drinks the water.)

PADRIC (laughing and pointing to the bench left): Will ye look at the Widow Claffey there! She went to sleep with the angels, sayin' the rosary.

LIZZIE: Ah, the poor woman's wore out from bein' up with Mollie all night.

(Katie, as if hearing them, wakes and resumes her beads. The Doctor enters from the sickroom carrying his satchel, followed by Nora. All stare at him expectantly.)

DOCTOR: She'll be all right in a couple of weeks. (The Doctor goes to the chair at the right of the table, where he sits and pulls on his sea boots. Katie Claffey rises and exits into the sickroom.) I made a careful examination. No internal injuries, but a broken leg and a bruised collarbone. They're setting nicely, though. (To Nora, who stands near the door.) You're a very good bonesetter, Nora. See that you follow my instructions and everything will be all right.

NORA: Yes, sir.

(Maureen enters the door at the right quietly, and stands listening.)

DOCTOR: And give her plenty of milk and a bit of meat . . . if you can get it.

NORA: I will, Doctor. (Exits into the sickroom, closing the door.)

DOCTOR (rising and putting on his first coat): I won't need to come back. (Noticing the money piled on the table.) And now—eh . . . (Coughs.) You know we doctors have to live, too. (With a little forced laugh the Doctor goes up right to get his overcoat and hat. Maureen

reen slides out of his way, going to the back of the table at the center.) Unfortunately, we have to charge what may sometimes seem like an exorbitant fee . . . but of course . . . that's all a matter of opinion. After all, the trip here entails a long and dangerous crossing, and eh . . . my time is valuable. (He looks at everybody as he waits for some response, but there is only an embarrassing silence.) It's too bad that society hasn't seen its way clear to adopt a more charitable attitude toward you Islanders and provide you with adequate medical attention.

SHAUN MOR: Doctor . . . it's distressed I am to tell ye . . . but we weren't able to get the ten pounds to pay ye.

DOCTOR: What!

SHAUN MOR (indicating the money): We were only able to collect five pounds two an' ninepence ha'penny, sir.

DOCTOR: Have you the effrontery to suggest that I cut my fee?

SHAUN MOR: 'Tisn't that at all, Doctor . . . but, ye see, we . . .

DOCTOR (sarcastically): Yes! I'm beginning to see. Now that you know the patient is out of danger, it's obvious that you don't intend to live up to your obligations. Isn't that it?

(A second's pause as Shaun attempts to control himself.)

MAUREEN (going to Shaun quietly and holding out five gold pounds in her hand): Shaun . . .

SHAUN MOR (putting his hands behind his back and shaking his head): Blessin's o' God on ye, 'child . . . I couldn't!

MAUREEN (simply, but determined): Take it, Shaun, or I'll pitch it into the sea!

SHAUN MOR: 'Twould be an unlucky thing to give up yer dowry, an' you only goin' to be wed.

MAUREEN: It's for Mollie I'm doin' it. I'd never forgive meself if I didn't. (Deliberately places her gold on the table with the rest of the money.) There! It's done now. (Steps back and looks appealingly at the men.) And don't any of ye tell Dennie.

LUZZIE: Maureen alana . . . it's bad luck to fly in the face of God and tamper with the ould customs.

MAUREEN: I know. "Ne'er a fortune, ne'er a child." 'Tis the will o' God! (She goes up left and sits on the bench.)

SHAUN MOR (picking up the money, leaving several small coins): We gave ye our word, Doctor. Here's yer money!

DOCTOR (taking it, and counting): Thank you. . . . It isn't exactly the money . . . eight, nine, ten. . . . (Putting it in his fat wallet.) It's the principle of the thing. (Places his wallet in his pocket, picks up his satchel, starts right toward the door.) Well! Come on, you men! I'm ready to go back to the

mainland. (Turns to see if they are coming.)

PADRIC (quietly, after an ominous pause): Can ye swim, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Why?

MICAL DUV (deliberately): Because we're not takin' ye back!

DOCTOR (looks from one to the other, steps forward): What do you mean? You agreed . . .

MICAL DUV: We only agreed to bring ye over. There was no word said about takin' ye back!

SHAMUS: Ye made a hard bargain, Doctor. We kept our end of it. We took ye here . . . ye got yer money. Now get back the best way ye can.

DOCTOR: But it's nine miles to the mainland. How am I going to get there? (The men smile at each other. The Doctor starts again to the door.) All right! I'll get three other curraghmen to do it.

(The men laugh.)

SHAMUS: There's not a curraghman on the Island of Innisheen would row ye back.

MICAL DUV (poking Shamus): Now why did ye tell him, Shamus! 'Twould be no harm for him to go round and find out for himself.

SHAMUS: Ah, sure, wouldn't it be a sin now, to have the Doctor wastin' his valuable time.

DOCTOR: You can't do this to me. I'll have the law on you.

SHAUN MOR (quietly, removing his pipe): What law?

DOCTOR: I'll have you all thrown into jail for this.

SHAUN MOR (rising and taking a step to center): Ah, it's nonsense yer talkin', Doctor. There's only one law here and we need nather police nor jails to enforce it. 'Tis the law o' God. Maybe ye never heard of it? The law of this Island is Christian charity . . . to visit the sick, help the poor, and love yer fella man for the love o' God.

DOCTOR: I didn't come here to listen to any of your ignorant Island sermons.

SHAUN MOR: No! Ye came here for ten pounds that we could ill afford. An' you knowin' that the money among us is as scarce as the potatoes we eat. An' it's distressed we are to get the price of a daycent pair o' britches to wear to Mass on Sunday.

DOCTOR: I'm not concerned with your economic circumstances. I had a right to exact what I consider a reasonable fee for my services.

SHAUN MOR: An' so did Judas!

(The Doctor looks at the men. All ignore him and eat their bread and drink their tea with relish. The Doctor paces the floor, sits in the armchair, drumming the wood with nervous fingers. No sound is heard except the ticking of the large clock.)

DOCTOR (looking at the clock, then

at his watch, rising): This is nothing short of kidnapping. Every minute you keep me here you make it harder for yourselves.

MICAL DUV (to Shamus): Couldn't we let the Doctor have that ould boat that was wrecked on Slieve Head? You know . . . the one with the big hole in the bottom?

SHAMUS: Ah, now, sure ye wouldn't want the Doctor to be gettin' his feet wet. Besides he might fall through the hole and be drowned with the weight of all that gold in his pockets. (The men grin.)

SHAUN MOR: Stop yer jokin' now, boys. The Doctor made a bargain with us to come here, so why shouldn't we make a bargain with him to take him back?

DOCTOR (taking out his wallet): All right. How much do you want?

SHAUN MOR (hitting the table a thump): The price is ten pounds!

(The men rock with laughter.)

DOCTOR: Ten pounds? It's ridiculous . . . absurd! I can't afford it!

SHAUN MOR: "We're not concerned with yer economic circumstances."

DOCTOR: But the price is unreasonable.

SHAUN MOR: These men "have a right to exact what they consider a reasonable fee for their services."

DOCTOR: I'm willing to offer you a pound for the trip. That's eh . . . six shillings and eightpence a piece. Take it or leave it.

(Father Tim and Dennis enter at the right. The priest uses the holy water.)

FATHER TIM: God save all here, and take it or leave what?

(Dennis goes into the sickroom.)

DOCTOR: Father . . . these men have refused to take me back to the mainland. I even offered to pay them. I made them a very generous offer.

SHAUN MOR: Father, he said that a man had a right to charge what he thinks a job is worth. So I set a price of ten pounds for the trip back . . . an' cheap at that.

FATHER TIM: Ten pounds? (He thinks, then laughs.) Shaun, you're a king and a poet. (To the Doctor): I'm afraid ye've put your foot in it, Doctor.

DOCTOR: But what am I going to do, Father?

FATHER TIM: Well, if it was for me to say . . . I might meet ye half-way on the price. (He looks at the men.) But it's not for me to decide. That's Shaun Mor's job. He's the elected King of this Island and a fair man. (The priest goes into the sickroom.)

DOCTOR (taking out his wallet again): What's your lowest price?

SHAUN MOR: All right . . . like Father Tim said . . . I'll meet ye halfway on it.

PADRIC: Hey, Shaun! Come here. There's somethin' else we want.

SHAUN MOR: Excuse me, Doctor.

(He goes to the men. They whisper and laugh while the Doctor paces up and down. Shaun Mor leaves them and goes left to the fireplace, where he fills and lights his pipe.)

SHAMUS (during the above business): We're willin' to take ye, Doctor . . . if ye'll give us that little bell we saw on the table in yer house.

DOCTOR: What bell?

SHAMUS: The queer-lookin' bell with the knob on top that makes the silvery music sound.

DOCTOR: The servant's call bell?

PADRIC: That's the one.

DOCTOR (relieved): Oh! Yes . . . yes, of course. (Puts his wallet back in his pocket, speaks magnanimously.) Yes. I'll make you a present of it.

SHAMUS (rising): Well, that's real daycent of ye. Come on, lads, we'll get the boat ready.

MICAL DUV: We'd better take an extra pair of long oars. I'll run across to the house and get them. (Goes to the door at the right.)

SHAMUS: Do that. We might need them. And make haste, will ye? The tide'll be turnin' soon.

MICAL DUV: I will. (Exits.)

(Shaun returns to the bench, sits. The Doctor paces the floor. Dennis and Father Tim come out of the sickroom. Father Tim sits on the bench up left, with Maureen. Dennis stands nearby.)

SHAUN MOR: Ye might as well sit down, Doctor, an' keep yerself warm while yer waitin'. There's a sharp wind blowin' outside.

DOCTOR (sitting in the armchair): I'm glad that's all settled.

SHAUN MOR: An' so am I. Well, eh—if ye don't mind, Doctor, we'd like ye to pay us that five pounds . . . now.

DOCTOR (jumping to his feet): Five pounds? For what?

SHAUN MOR: Don't ye remember? I agreed to meet ye halfway on the price.

DOCTOR: But . . . eh . . . I must have misunderstood you?

SHAUN MOR: I'm sorry if ye did, Doctor. But that was the bargain. Sure, we only want the return of Maureen's dowry money.

DENNIS (looking toward Maureen): Maureen . . .

DOCTOR: I won't pay it! (The Doctor sits down stubbornly.)

(Shaun Mor shrugs his shoulders, turns to the left, and sits.)

PADRIC: Looks like the Doctor's thinkin' o' settlin' down here, Shamus.

SHAMUS (taking off his coat): Well, now . . . 'twill be a great blessin' havin' a doctor handy.

DOCTOR (arises, goes to Shamus and Padric): I'm willing to make a private deal with you fellows, if you'll only listen to reason.

PADRIC (to Doctor): Nee hig-um thu un Bearla.¹

SHAMUS (to Padric): Kade thaw shea a-raw, ah Flawdrick!²

DOCTOR (to the priest): What are they talking about?

FATHER TIM: They say they don't understand English.

DOCTOR: B-but they were just speaking . . .

FATHER TIM: If ye'll take my advice, ye'll deal with Shaun Mor.

DOCTOR (taking out his wallet, going to Shaun Mor): All right. I'm willing to pay you two pounds. (Shaun Mor turns his back.) Very well, then, three pounds. (Places three pound notes on the table.)

SHAUN MOR: I think the men might be willin' to row ye back . . . about halfway . . . four an' a half miles . . . for that. Sure, ye could swim the rest o' the way.

DOCTOR (putting down another pound note): Four pounds, then?

SHAUN MOR: Ah, ye're gettin' closer to shore now. But it's still five pounds, an' in gold, Doctor, to land ye safe an' sound in Dunmore.

DOCTOR: It's an outrage! That's what it is. (Lays down five pounds in gold.) There!

PADRIC: An' the bell?

DOCTOR (thoroughly exasperated): Yes, you can have it.

SHAUN MOR (rising): Maureen . . . come here, alana. (Maureen rises from the bench up left, crosses down to Shaun Mor. He picks up the money, take her hand, and puts the gold in it.) And may God bless ye, Maureen, with a grand houseful o' children.

MAUREEN: Thank ye kindly, Shaun.

(The priest smiles, rises, and nods to Dennis. Dennis sits on the bench with Maureen, and takes her hand. She smiles up at him happily. Mical Duv enters at the right. He looks worried. He has trouble closing the door against the wind. The Doctor rises, picking up his satchel.)

MICAL DUV: There's a big flock o' sea birds after flyin' in from the northwest.

(All but the Doctor cross themselves. The men look at each other fearfully.)

FATHER TIM: How does it look, Mick?

MICAL DUV: There's a bad sea risin'. I'm afearid it looks like a nor'wester.

DOCTOR (almost beside himself): What does all this mean?

FATHER TIM: It means, Doctor, that no boat can leave or land here in the teeth of a northwest gale.

SHAUN MOR: St. Christopher himself couldn't get through that sea.

FATHER TIM (getting his hat): I'd better go over to the chapel and ring

¹I don't understand English.

²What is it he's saying, Padric?

the storm signal. I'm afraid ye'll have to wait till it blows over, Doctor. (He exits hurriedly right.)

DOCTOR (crossing anxiously to Shaun Mor): How long will this storm last?

SHAUN MOR: Oh, sometimes only a few days . . . sometimes a month . . .

DOCTOR: A month!

SHAUN MOR: We can't control the weather, Doctor.

DOCTOR (worried): But I just paid you five pounds to take me back.

SHAUN MOR (calmly, as he lights his pipe at the fireplace): An' so we will . . . when the storm blows over.

DOCTOR: When the storm blows over?

SHAUN MOR: Amn't I after tellin' ye, Doctor, that the men'll land ye safe and sound?

(A low rumble of thunder is heard.)

DOCTOR: Yes, but . . .

SHAUN MOR: 'Twouldn't be honest now, would it, if ye got drowned before the men could keep their word?

DOCTOR: But you said . . .

SHAUN MOR: We said we'd take ye back, but sure we didn't say when, did we?

(Lizzie has risen from the stool near the fireplace and is pouring tea for Dennis and Maureen. She notices the Doctor pacing impatiently and looking out the window at right.)

LIZZIE (to Shaun Mor in a loud whisper): Ah, the poor man is homesick. (Sincerely solicitous.) Arrah, sit down, Doctor, darlin', an' give yer ould carcass a rest, an' while yer waitin' for the storm to blow over, maybe we can coax Shaun to tell us some of his grand stories.

(All but the Doctor are delighted. The curraghmen rise and pull their bench to place at a parallel angle facing the fireplace.)

ALL (like children): Yes, come on, Shaun, tell us one.

(They have all seated themselves around the fireplace, their backs to the Doctor. The Doctor, thoroughly disgusted, slumps in the armchair at the right of the table.)

SHAUN MOR (holding up his hand for silence): Sh! I'll tell ye one now, if ye'll all keep still. (Notices the Doctor. Hospitably.) Wouldn't ye like to come over an' join us, Doctor?

DOCTOR (sourly): No thanks.

(Shaun Mor shrugs in disappointment, then deliberately lights his pipe from the fire while all wait expectantly. A louder rumble of thunder. Dennis slips an arm around Maureen's waist. Shaun Mor clears his throat and narrates in the measured tones of the native storyteller. He pays no attention to the Doctor. During the recital, the Doctor coughs, looks impatiently at his watch, and nervously fingers his heavy gold watch chain.)

(Continued on page 32)

By Robert Frost

TWO TRAMPS

IN MUD TIME

Out of the mud two strangers came
And caught me splitting wood in the yard.
And one of them put me off my aim
By hailing cheerily "Hit them hard!"
I knew pretty well why he dropped behind
And let the other go on a way.
I knew pretty well what he had in mind.
He wanted to take my job for pay.

Good blocks of beech it was I split,
As large around as the chopping block;
And every piece I squarely hit
Fell splinterless as a cloven rock.
The blows that a life of self-control
Spare to strike for the common good
That day, giving a loose to my soul,
I spent on the unimportant wood.

The sun was warm but the wind was chill.
You know how it is with an April day
When the sun is out and the wind is still,
You're one month on in the middle of May.
But if you so much as dare to speak,
A cloud comes over the sunlit arch,
A wind comes off a frozen peak,
And you're two months back in the middle of March.

A bluebird comes tenderly up to alight
And fronts the wind to unruffle a plume.
His song so pitched as not to excite
A single flower as yet to bloom.
It is snowing a flake: and he half knew
Winter was only playing possum.
Except in color he isn't blue,
But he wouldn't advise a thing to blossom.

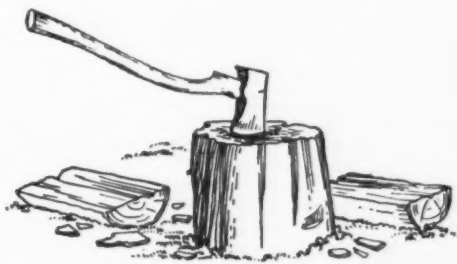
The water for which we may have to look
In summertime with a witching-wand,
In every wheelrut's now a brook,
In every print of a hoof a pond.
Be glad of water, but don't forget
The lurking frost in the earth beneath
That will steal forth after the sun is set
And show on the water its crystal teeth

The time when most I loved my task
These two must make me love it more
By coming with what they came to ask.
You'd think I never had felt before
The weight of an ax-head poised aloft,
The grip on earth of outspread feet.
The life of muscles rocking soft
And smooth and moist in vernal heat.

Out of the woods two hulking tramps
(From sleeping God knows where last night,
But not long since in the lumber camps).
They thought all chopping was theirs of right.
Men of the woods and lumberjacks,
They judged me by their appropriate tool.
Except as a fellow handled an ax,
They had no way of knowing a fool.

Nothing on either side was said.
They knew they had but to stay their stay
And all their logic would fill my head:
As that I had no right to play
With what was another man's work for gain.
My right might be love but theirs was need.
And where the two exist in twain
Theirs was the better right—agreed.

But yield who will to their separation,
My object in living is to unite
My avocation and my vocation
As my two eyes make one in sight.
Only where love and need are one,
And the work is play for mortal stakes,
Is the deed ever really done
For Heaven and the future's sakes.



Reprinted by permission from *The Complete Poems of Robert Frost*, published by Henry Holt & Co. Copyright, 1949, by Henry Holt & Co., Inc.

Drawing by John O'Hara Congrave II

BY WILLIAM HEUMAN

WONDER BOY

Man in a Cage

That night Frank Malloy had another nightmare. He sat up in the sagging bed of the cheap little hotel room, stifling the scream which leaped to his lips, trying once again to dodge that white ball as it catapulted toward his head. But no matter which way he turned, the ball still came after him.

As usual, he awakened after the crash, after the sickening moment when the ball struck his head. He lay there shaking, his body bathed in cold sweat, his head throbbing.

Squatting behind home plate the next afternoon, giving the left-hander on the mound a target with his glove, he could still feel the hammer beat of the pulse in his left temple.

He steadied himself now, trying to forget the past, trying to blot out the memory of that moment when his big-league career had ended at the age of twenty-one, at its very beginning.

There was something going on here in this game which he did not understand, and it annoyed him a little. The other club was stealing his signals. He had been aware of that for the last two innings, but he didn't know how they were doing it. He had been watching the coaches on the side lines, and as usual they were making a lot of noise, gesturing, yelling advice, apparently passing on signals to the batter, but actually handing out what Frank knew was only camouflage.

The batter stepped out of the box to rub a little dirt on his bat, and this too was phony. He had not caught the signal from the man who was doing the stealing. He was not sure of the pitch

coming up, and the pause now was to enable the man to flash it again.

Frank Malloy watched the batter's eyes under the black peak of his cap. Although he pretended to look at his bat, he was actually staring down toward first base, toward the first-base coach. Very definitely Frank knew that it was not the first-base coach who had caught his signals. He had kept his fingers concealed from both coaches. It was someone else.

Then Frank got it, and he had to grin a little through the bars of the mask, because it was new to him and he was surprised to find it in semi-pro baseball. It was the bull-pen catcher out along the right-field line. There was a bench out there, and he was sitting on the corner of the bench closest to the playing field. He was pretty old, gray-haired, bowlegged, with a gnarled face and twisted fingers. He had probably had minor-league experience, and now he was picking up a few dollars on a Sunday afternoon working the pitchers out in the pen, too old to be active, but not too old to steal the enemy battery's signals and pass them on to his own club's hitters.

He had his cap off now, and Frank could see his gray hair. Then he slipped the cap on again, and Frank knew that not a single spectator in the rickety wooden stands, nor any of the Cyclones, the club for which Frank Malloy was playing this afternoon, had noticed it except himself.

The batter seemed satisfied. He came into the rectangle again, grinning a little, oozing confidence. With the score 7 to 3 in favor of his own Cyclones, two outs and the bases empty, Frank let the man hit away before going out to change the signals with the pitcher. He was curious, wanting to make sure now.

The left-hander out on the hill took

his stretch, stepped in, and let it go. The curve was fairly good, not the sharp-breaking stuff to which Frank had grown accustomed during that brief year in the big time, but still a good hook.

The Trojan batter caught that hook perfectly as it broke in to his bat. He drove it hard down the left field line.

The hat off, Frank thought, is the hook. He squatted down again, cupping his fingers inside the pocket of the glove, and signaled for the fast ball.

He watched his own second baseman take the sign, then put both hands on his cap for the fraction of a second, and that was the signal for the Cyclone outfielders that their left-hander was throwing it down the alley fast. It did help a little for the outfielders to know what kind of pitch was coming.

The old man out in the right-field bull pen had been watching the second baseman. He was leaning back against the bench now, both elbows resting on the wood, and that was the signal for the fast one. The batter knew it too, and he stepped up, the same little grin on his face.

The mask under his arm, Frank walked up the lane to the box, signaling for time.

The left-hander looked at him.

"What goes, Malloy?" he asked.

The Cyclone infielders had come dancing in to the box. Frank said to the second baseman, a short, heavy-set chap, "That old buzzard out on the Trojan bull-pen bench is stealing the catcher's signals you have been relaying to your outfielders. He's passing them on to the Trojan batters."

The pitcher stared and said, "Hah!" Then he looked at his second baseman and said reproachfully, "Eddie, you bum!"

"We been doin' it all season," Eddie

**Book condensation in the author's own words: the story of
a brilliant pitcher in the making, and of the catcher
who discovered him . . . and also discovered himself**

protested. "Nobody ever caught on. I'll cross 'em up." Eddie scowled. "They can't do that to us."

Frank nodded and walked away.

He heard the Cyclone third baseman say, "That guy knows his stuff. Imagine! Out in the bull pen, yet!"

The Trojan batter said sourly, "What's the matter? You guys tellin' jokes out there?"

"Joke's on you, friend," Frank Malloy said softly, and the batter glanced at him suspiciously. Frank's face showed nothing through the heavy bars of the mask. He was still young, only twenty-five, but a veteran of four years' bush-league baseball, besides one year, almost a full season, in the big time. He had picked up plenty in that one year from men who knew what it was all about.

Of medium height, he was built solidly but not too heavily, and he had good sound legs which enabled him to go down the first-base line with some of the faster runners, almost keeping up with them despite the handicap of his shin guards and the protector.

Frank flashed the signal for the fast ball, and he watched Eddie, out on second, deliberately signal for a hook. The old man on the bull-pen bench passed on the sign to the batter and, when the fast ball zipped in, the man at the plate was waiting for a hook. He had intended to step in and catch it before the break, and he let out a startled "Hah" as the ball zoomed in close across his waist for a called strike.

Out on the bull-pen bench the old man sat forward, both hands on his knees, staring.

Frank said to the batter, "You missed up on that one, kid."

The batter grumbled unintelligibly. He stepped out of the box, fussed around a little, and came back in again. Frank called for the hook this time, and the Cyclone second sacker signaled to his outfielders that a fast ball was coming up. It would throw them off a little, but that did not matter now.

The old man in the Trojan bull-pen rested his elbows on the back of the bench, the signal for the fast one. When the Cyclone left-hander threw the hook, the batter cut a foot above the ball, and he looked silly.

He came out of the batter's box this time and stared deliberately at the bull-pen bench. The old man waved both hands in the air, and Frank Malloy knew that the signal stealing was over for the afternoon. He said to the batter,

"Holiday's over, mister. Get back to work now."

Frank watched the runner on first and saw the man bend down and scoop up a handful of dirt. It was not a signal. He was sure of that. It was one of those automatic things a man often does when there is a little pressure on him. Somewhere this chap had picked up the habit of scooping up dirt just before he attempted to steal a base. The probability was that he did not even know he was doing it, but it was the tipoff.

Frank signaled for the pitch-out. The left-hander put the ball on the outside, high and outside, making it easy for the catcher to handle. Frank pegged the ball to second, low and hard, with no waste motions in the throw.

The Trojan runner was going down, churning the dirt. He was fairly fast, but he was out with plenty to spare. Frank slipped off the mask and plodded toward the dugout.

The Cyclone pitcher grinned and said, "You called that pitch-out pretty nice, Malloy."

"Thanks," Frank said. He sat down and took off his shin guards and the protector. He was second man up this inning, and he did not have too much to worry about this afternoon. The man out on the mound for the opposing team did not know that a close pitch would send Frank Malloy scurrying away from the plate.

Walking out to the batter's circle with two bats, Frank squatted down and watched. Bitterness raged through him again, and he wondered how it was that one pitched ball could ruin a man for life—an unintentional pitch which got away from the hurler and smashed into the head of the batter.

The batter ahead of him went down on an infield roller, and Frank came up to the plate, throwing away one bat. He hit from the right side, and he did not look like a bucket hitter as he stood there, eyeing the pitcher.

The Trojan pitcher studied him carefully and then put the first pitch on the outside corner, waist high. It was good, and Frank put his bat to the ball slashing it out over second for a clean base hit. He sprinted down the line, pulling up at first.

The Trojan first sacker said to him curiously, "Where'd they pick you up, Jack?"

Frank Malloy smiled. "Passing by," he said. "A one-night stand."

"You stand up pretty good, too," the

Trojan said, grinning. "That was Speed Henley you just threw out. Speed's about the fastest base stealer in this part of the state."

"Tell Speed not to pick up dirt when he's ready to go down," Frank murmured. "Tell him that."

The first baseman glanced at him. He said, "What are you doin' in semi-pro ball, mister?"

Frank shrugged as he took his lead, with the pitcher on the hill. He said, "Maybe that's where I belong, Jack."

The Cyclone manager, a fat man by the name of Blount, said to him in the dugout, "You really fly around there, kid. We don't see many catchers in this class of ball who can run."

Frank smiled a little, acknowledging the compliment. He had seen too many catchers who had grown stiff from too much squatting behind the plate; after a number of years their run had slowed down to a fast walk. He kept himself in trim by doing a lot of running in between times.

Blount said, "Sure you can't stick around with us a few weeks, Malloy? We got some pretty tough games comin' up, an' I could use you behind the plate."

"Like to," Frank said briefly, "but I have an engagement up in Lewiston."

"Yeah," Blount growled. "That's the way it is. You find a guy who has it, an' somebody else has *him*, too."

Frank dressed and went into the office where Blount handed him a greasy ten-dollar bill and two fives, twenty dollars in all—not bad money for semi-pro ball.

"I could make it twenty-five a game all the time," Blount said hopefully. "No dice?"

"No dice," Frank was through with playing regularly for one club. He had had enough of that during the past four years. The torture started all over again each time they spotted his weakness and started to dust him off at the plate. It was better this way, always moving on so they would not get to know him—another town, another team, another league. Occasionally he played three or four games with a club when they were short a catcher, but that was enough.

He went back to his locker, slipped on his coat, nodded to a few of the nearest Cyclone players, and headed for the door.

Eddie called after him, "Good luck, Malloy."

"Thanks," Frank said. "Nice knowing you boys."

He went to a movie that evening, because he didn't want to sit around the hotel room and think. When he came back from the movies it was eleven o'clock, and he sat down on the edge of the bed, and a kind of grayness came into his soul. He was a squirrel going around in a revolving cage, around and

Frank held out his glove for a target . . . It was the fastest ball Ad had ever thrown in his life.

Illustration by Morton Kunstler



around, and there was no end to it. And he was still only twenty-five!

Stop on a Bus Ride

The bus pulled out of the station at nine o'clock in the morning, and Frank sat by one of the windows, looking out. It was raining a little, not a hard rain, just a kind of damp drizzle with the sun threatening to break through any moment.

It was an eight-hour ride to Lewiston, and he did not look forward to it. This was Friday morning, and he was scheduled to play a ball game with the Lewiston Panthers the following afternoon, which gave him plenty of time.

The morning passed slowly, with the usual stops. At twelve-thirty there was a longer stop for lunch, and then they went on again.

They came into a town called Elmonte at three-thirty in the afternoon. It was a typical small town—a number of stores, cars parked along the curb, a stop light at the main intersection. Two blocks more, and you were out in the country again.

The bus slowed down at the red light at an intersection outside the town. Frank saw the school building set up on a hill on the right side of the road. Across from the school a ball game was in progress. The field was not much more than a big meadow leveled down. A few people sat on the hill overlooking the field.

The red light turned to green, and the bus started to roll. Frank turned his head slightly to watch the Elmonte pitcher. He was on the hill now, taking his windup, with the bases empty. The boy threw, his left leg kicking high, his arm moving forward.

Frank started to turn away, but quickly riveted his attention upon the boy again. He was still staring as the bus moved across the intersection. Then, on a sudden impulse, he jumped up, grabbed his bags, and bolted for the door. He said hastily to the driver, "Can you stop for me, Jack?"

The driver scowled, but pulled the bus over to the side of the road and swung open the door. He said sourly, "You sleeping back there, Bud?"

"Sorry," Frank murmured. He piled out of the bus and stood on the highway, so that he could look at the game again. That Elmonte pitcher was preparing to throw once more, and Frank watched him from the distance of fifty yards or so. He did not believe his eyes yet. That boy throwing for Elmonte Academy had just thrown one of the fastest balls Frank had ever seen pitched in his life!

The boy threw again, and the ball sped toward home plate like a bullet. It was right in there, on top of the batter before he could start moving.

Frank went across the highway slowly. His eyes had not deceived him. He was a catcher by trade, and he could gauge the speed of a thrown baseball with more accuracy than most ball players. He had not been mistaken. This young pitcher from Elmonte Academy had a fast ball which most big-leaguers would give anything to possess!

Moving down the slope, Frank set his bags on the grass and sat down himself. He said to the boy sitting on the grass next to him, "Who's that pitcher, son?"

The boy chewed on a blade of grass. He said, "Ad Preston."

"He's pretty good," Frank observed. "Good!" the boy said. "Ad pitched two no-bitters last year, mister. He got nineteen strike-outs last week against Benville High."

"That right?" Frank murmured. After watching Ad Preston out on the mound, he did not doubt it at all. The boy had good wrists and his arms were long. His shoulders had power as well, and his strong legs gave him the foundation necessary for pitching.

He was not perfect. Watching him fan two more men to retire the side on strike-outs, Frank could see that his control was not what it should be. Ad was still young, though, and he would learn. He would develop a change-of-pace ball to use with his other pitches. After that, the sky would be the limit.

Frank said to the boy next to him, "Where does Ad come from?"

"Up Berry Hill Road," the boy told him. "Little farm up there."

"I see," Frank nodded. The boy became a little more loquacious. He said, "Ad's seventeen. He graduates from Elmonte this spring."

Somebody must have spotted him already, Frank thought. Even down here in the sticks somebody would have tipped off somebody else, and a scout must have seen him and talked with him.

He said to the boy, "What do you young fellows do in this town when you graduate?"

The boy shrugged. "Some go on to State University," he said. "Some of us just work around—maybe the cannery."

"What about Ad?" Frank asked.

"He's got a job lined up in the cannery," the boy said. "Told me last week. I'm in his class."

Cannery! Frank thought. Cannery! There had been no scouts down this way, and Ad Preston's exploits in high-school baseball at Elmonte had gone unnoticed.

A Plan Takes Shape

Berry Hill Road, about a mile north of the school, was a dirt road which came into the main highway. The cab driver said to Frank, "Mrs. Preston has

a little farm back here. Not much—a few chickens, things like that. They had a bigger place years ago before Tom Preston died."

Frank said, "Ad's father is dead?" "Eight or ten years ago," the cabby said. "Now you know all of 'em. You got business with the Prestons, mister?"

"I have business," Frank said, and he said nothing more, to the disappointment of the driver.

They went up the dirt road about half a mile. The Preston farmhouse was not very big and it sadly needed paint. There were a few chicken houses and a couple of hundred chickens in an enclosure. Ad Preston himself, in jeans and checked shirt, was in the chicken enclosure, scattering handfuls of grain to the chickens. He looked around when he heard the cab coming up, and watched Frank curiously.

Ad Preston came out of the chicken enclosure with his empty pail. He smiled and said, "Hello. Anything I can do for you?"

Frank Malloy looked around. He wanted to say that there was nothing Ad Preston could do for him, but if the cards were played right, he could send forty or fifty thousand dollars of big-league bonus money Ad's way. He knew now why he had stayed in Elmonte and why he had come out here. He was going to help this nice farm kid. He was going to see to it that some crooked scout or operator did not get his hooks into the boy first, arranging a deal in which he cleaned up himself and left Ad with the crumbs.

He said to Ad, "I saw you pitch this afternoon. You turned in a nice job."

"Thanks," Ad said with a grin. "I had a good afternoon. Nice support."

Frank grinned, too. With eighteen strike-outs a man did not need too much support. He could send his fielders home for supper. "I understand," he said, "that you're going into the cannery after graduation."

He heard the screen door of the house open and close, and he turned around. A girl was coming down the porch steps. Her hair was brown and her eyes were brown, like Ad's. She was a good-looking girl, not strikingly beautiful, but her features were even. She had nice teeth and a nice smile.

She said, "Anything we can do for you?"

Frank took off his hat. "I've been talking to Ad about baseball, but if you're his sister, I think you should hear my idea too."

"Baseball," Ivy Preston murmured, and she looked at Ad. Ad lifted his eyebrows to indicate that he did not know anything yet.

Frank said, "I believe Ad has a career on the diamond if he'll take advantage of his abilities."

Ivy Preston frowned a little. "Ad wants to go up to State," she said, "but he's afraid we're going to have a hard time getting him through. It's all a question of money. I've been trying to tell him that we're getting along a lot better with the chickens than before and we'll make out all right."

Ad shook his head. He was smiling, but he said firmly, "I'm not going up to State, Ivy. That's the end of it."

Frank Malloy said, "Suppose there was a way that you could go to State and still not have to worry about the money. Suppose you had enough money to take care of yourself at State and your mother and sister back here."

Ad stared at him.

A look of suspicion came into Ivy Preston's brown eyes. She said, "Tell us about it, but if it's going to cost us any money. . . ."

Frank smiled. "I'm talking about professional baseball," he said. "Did you ever think of going into professional baseball, Ad?"

A light came into Ad's eyes. "I've thought about it a few times," he admitted, "but I don't think I'm good enough. The pros up in Lewiston would knock my ears off."

"I don't think so," Frank said, "I'm going up to Lewiston myself, to catch a few games. If you'd like to come along, I could get you a tryout."

Ad was really staring now, eyeing Frank up and down. "You're a professional ball player?" he asked. "A catcher?"

"That's right," Frank answered, "and I've watched a lot of pitching. I think you could earn a good living for yourself on the mound."

Ivy said, "I'd like to hear more of this plan that will send Ad to college and still let him play professional baseball."

"There are players who have done it," Frank told them. "They've earned their degrees during the fall and winter months after the baseball season has closed. It might be a little tough for Ad but, if he can make enough money to support himself and his family and at the same time complete his education, it's worth thinking about."

"It's worth dreaming about," Ad agreed, "but I think it's only a dream. Playing with the pros isn't like playing in high school."

"You'll be surprised," Frank murmured, "when you find out."

Ad Makes the Big Time

[After a family council, the Prestons agree to have their lawyer draw up a contract. According to the contract, Frank won't make a nickel from Ad, but he is authorized to sign all legal documents for the boy until Ad comes of age. Ad easily makes good in semi-

pro ball. Offers pour in, but Frank refuses them all—until a scout from the major league Grays comes through with an offer so good that it sets the sports world agog. The Gray scout also persuades a reluctant Frank to take another crack at the big time—if only for Ad's sake.]

So far Ad has faced major league competition only in practice in the pen. He is now going to the mound as a relief pitcher in his first major league game.]

About William Heuman . . .



William Heuman was born in Brooklyn, educated in New York City, and spent about a dozen years in a business office before becoming a writer for keeps. He tells us that he got the writing bug when he came out of

a Long Island high school. A few years ago he settled down in Huntington, Long Island, where he raises chickens, ducks, pigeons, and dogs. He and Mrs. Heuman have two children. When he is not busy with wild and domesticated life he writes books—sports stories and yarns about the West.

Frank was sitting close enough to hear the Gray manager, Henley, say, "Get Preston up out there."

The Gray manager turned to Frank and said briefly, "I'm putting the boy in next inning. You'll handle him, Frank."

At the start of the ninth Henley waved to the pen and Ad came in. He was going to throw for one inning in a game the Grays were winning by a score of 12 to 2.

The crowds at the exits stopped when his name came over the public-address system. "Preston now pitching for the Grays. Number Seventeen. Preston."

A humming sound came from the stands. Frank waited behind the plate. Henley went out to say a few words to Ad, and some of the Gray infielders moved in, for they were anxious to see Ad also.

The first Rocket batter, Eddie Pickett, the short-stop, swung two bats and stood a few yards away. He said to Frank, "That's him, is it? Fifty thousand bucks' worth, and never threw a ball in the big time. Think of that." He shook his head. "They gave me a hundred dollars to sign with the Rockets, Malloy."

Frank made no answer, for he was watching Ad closely as the boy started

to take his free throws. He was glad Ad seemed relaxed.

Frank walked out to the mound to have a few words with Ad.

The crowd stared at them, remembering what they had read in the papers about Ad, and wondering how much of it was true.

Frank asked, "Everything O.K.?"

"O.K.," Ad said. He was a trifle pale as usual and a little on edge, but not too much so.

"Straight stuff," Frank told him. "We won't worry about curve balls too much. Just straight, and get it over."

"Sure."

Frank looked at him. "It's going to be all right, Ad," he said. "You hear me?"

Ad smiled then, and the nervousness disappeared. He said softly, "Sure, Frank."

Frank went back of the batter's box, where he put on his mask, squatted, and gave his signal for an inside fast ball on the handle to Eddie Pickett, first batter for the opposing Rockets. Pickett was a right-hand batter and he hugged the plate.

"I'll kill this kid," Pickett murmured. Frank said, "What are you afraid of, Eddie?"

"Never mind," Pickett growled.

The first ball came in very fast, but it was high and outside, not inside. Pickett let it go by and said, "Wild as a March hare."

Frank gave Ad the target and crouched behind the plate, smiling through the bars of his mask. The next pitch was hard, fast, and inside. Pickett was tempted to cut, but the ball was on top of him before he could make up his mind.

"Strike!" the umpire called.

Pickett did not say anything, but the crowd made a lot of noise. That ball had really been poured in.

"Give it to me," Frank called gently.

Pickett fouled off the next pitch, which was a blazing fast ball on the handle again. He barely managed to get his wood on it, and the count was two and one against him.

Pickett said, "He's fast, Malloy."

Ad was supposed to waste the next one, and Frank called for it high and outside. Ad put it down the middle instead, and Pickett hit it over short for a clean single.

Ad licked his lips out on the mound, and Frank saw a worried look come to his face. He smiled at him and came halfway down the lane to say a few words. "This is the big time, Ad, not Elmonte High. You won't strike them all out."

Ad nodded. George Rice, Rocket third sacker, hitting from the left side, was in the rectangle. Ad blazed his fast ball down the middle, and it went by

for a called strike. Rice whistled, stepped out of the box, and picked up a handful of dirt. He was still whistling when he came back in. Another fast one cut the outside corner, and it could have been called either way. The umpire called it a strike, giving Ad a big advantage.

Ad threw his first hook wide of the plate for a ball. Frank signaled for the pitch-out on the next throw, and Ad gave it to him, fast and outside. The ball left Frank's glove almost the moment he caught it. His peg to the first sacker was hard and true. Pickett, seeing Frank's motion, raced for second, but he was an easy out.

Ad grinned in appreciation as the disgruntled Pickett trotted back to the dugout. He gave Rice the fastest ball he had thrown yet, a blazer down the middle. Rice cut hard and missed cleanly for the strike-out.

The crowd really whooped that time, and the Gray infield yelped in delight. Gray manager Henley was sitting out on the edge of the dugout with a large smile on his face.

The third Rocket batter cut at the first pitch and rolled it down toward third. The third baseman came up with the ball and pegged to first for the put-out to end the game.

Frank put his mask under his arm and started for the dugout. Several of the Gray players, running past Ad on his way in, slapped his back appreciatively.

When Ad came in, Frank said, "Not so bad, was it?"

"Not too bad," Ad was feeling good, for now he had pitched in the major leagues, and that would go down in the record books even if he never threw another ball. He was a big-leaguer.

In the dressing room Henley said to Frank, "That fast one is pretty quick, Frank."

Frank nodded, thinking how nice it would be if he could catch ball games without having to get up at bat.

"The next thing we have to find out," Henley said, "is whether he has it *inside*. Will he stay in and throw when they start to hit him, Frank?"

"He'll stay," Frank said briefly.

Henley nodded. "We'll be using him in relief. If he holds up, I'll work him in regular roles near the end of the season."

Frank took off his uniform and walked to the shower room with a towel around his waist. He wondered, as he left his locker, how long this could keep up. He had appeared in two ball games, but he had not yet faced an enemy pitcher. Sooner or later he would have to, and it would probably happen the next time Ad got in the game. Frank feared that moment the way a man subject to horrible night-

mares fears the night and knows that the night must come.

"You Have a Ball Club Behind You"

The Grays beat the Rockets three times in a row, and their chances for the pennant soared. In the dressing room, before the fourth and last game, Henley said, "We want a clean sweep of this one, gang. Go right after them."

Two doubles in succession in the eighth inning put the Rockets in the lead, and the Gray pitcher, Wallace, was in hot water. He had been faltering in the previous two innings, and these doubles made him look really bad. With only one away, he passed the next batsman, and runners were now on first and second.

Henley came out of the dugout, waving his hands. Frank felt his heart begin to beat faster, for he realized that Wallace was going out and someone else was coming in.

Ad and the left-handed Wynn Alden were throwing out in the pen. When Henley called for time and signaled to the pen, Alden stopped throwing and walked to the bench for his jacket. Henley didn't want him; he pounded his right arm to indicate that he wanted the right-hander, Preston. Frank reached for his shin guards as Henley turned around and signaled to him that he was to handle Ad.

As Ad came in, the crowd stood up. The rain had not yet come, but it was still a dark afternoon. The weather would help Ad. His fast ball would be on top of the Rocket batters before they were ready for it.

As it happened, Eddie Pickett, the Rocket shortstop, was in the rectangle again.

"I hit him the first time," Pickett said meditatively. "I've got his number."

Frank took Ad's throws and then went out to him. He said, "Like any other game, Ad. Keep the ball low. We want this fellow to hit into the dirt for two."

Ad looked past Frank. He said dubiously, "That's Pickett, isn't it? He hit me the last time."

"That was his hit against you for the season," Frank told him. "We'll give him a few low curves."

"Sure," Ad said.

Ad sent in a hook on the first pitch and it broke nicely. Pickett cut and rapped it down to McKee at short. McKee tossed it to Eddie Craig at second, and Eddie flipped it across to Barton at first for the double play. The inning was over.

Ad came in, grinning with relief.

Frank said to him, "Just let them hit it. You have a ball club behind you, Ad."

"It feels good," Ad said. "Boy, that

was some double play. Like lightning."

Frank sat down and tried to figure out whether he would have to get up to bat in this game. Five more batters would have to come up before Frank had to walk out to the box. If they went down in order, he was safe for another afternoon, but he hated himself for the thought.

Barton led off the end of the ninth, and he slapped a sharp double to right field. Frank, sitting on the bench, felt his throat get dry, for that hit might mean that he would come up to bat this inning. Johnny Kenlon was the next man up and then Blackburn. After Blackburn came Eddie Craig, the second sacker, and Frank followed Craig.

Frank moved out to the batter's circle and crouched down. He felt sick already, as he watched Ben Stanford, the pitcher for the Rockets. He knew what Stanford would probably do to him. He was not a dirty pitcher and he would not throw dusters or bean balls. But he would surely throw them close, hoping that the Gray catcher would lose his nerve.

The Gray fans were standing up and really yelling now, with the bases loaded and only one out. Frank threw away the extra club and went into the slot. He stood there, his face white and tense, his hands gripping the bat so tightly that it hurt. He could feel the perspiration slide down his back.

Henley yelled from the third-base coaching box, "Hit away, Frank. Give us one now."

Frank settled himself in the box, waved his bat, and swallowed a few times. The Rocket catcher, Jim Porter, droned, as if talking to himself, "Inside stuff for this boy, Ben. Always inside, inside, inside."

They knew him; all of them knew him, because big-leaguers have long memories. Ben Stanford took his time out there on the mound, making him wait the way one boxer makes another wait for him in the ring. Every second meant extra pressure on the batter.

Porter slapped his glove, squatted, and kept up that steady drone. "Inside, inside, inside."

The first pitch was inside, too. It whipped out very fast from around Stanford's body and shot in close. Frank saw it coming and fought desperately to hold his ground, but his left foot started to move even before the white ball had left Stanford's hand. His foot just pulled away and pulled him into the bucket. Then he broke away from the plate completely as the ball shot past, inside. The Gray players had been whooping it up in the dugout, but they fell silent now.

Frank got himself back into the box and moved closer to the rubber, a

flicker of hope dawning in him. Perhaps Stanford would pass him. That first pitch had been a ball; if he could stand up there and make Stanford throw inside, he might put the Rocket pitcher in a hole. A walk would tie up the ball game.

"Inside," Porter droned.

Stanford took his stretch and threw. The ball whipped down the lane, and it was going to be close again. Frank scrambled out of the way, but the ball suddenly darted down and away from him, cutting the corner for a called strike.

That was the procedure they had used on him five years ago—the first pitch a close ball to drive him away, and the next an outside hook which he couldn't touch with a ten-foot pole.

With the count one and one, the next pitch, a fast ball, was inside again, even closer than the first one had been. It whistled in toward Frank and it was all he could do not to scream as he fell away from it.

There was little noise in the stands now, and the crowd watched him dubiously. Some of those who remembered him booed. He stood there, feeling dead inside, and waited. He had not once swung at a ball. Although the count was two and one, Stanford was not going to pass him.

The fourth pitch was the hook again, and, as Frank stepped into the bucket, he reached out and cut at it feebly. There was a dull plunk, and the ball rolled down to third. Rice picked it up, stepped on the bag, and then whipped it to first for the double play to end the game.

Loud boos could be heard from the stands, just as Frank had heard them years before. He trotted back from first toward the dugout, where the Gray players were already going through the door. Ad was standing up, watching him, and he looked as if he were ready to cry. As he brushed past Ad, Frank told himself that this was the end.

A Man Runs Out on Himself

Frank packed his bag that night in the hotel room and Ad, pale-faced, sat by the window watching him.

When the boy spoke, his voice sounded unnatural. "But Frank, Mr. Henley hasn't even said anything yet. Why don't you wait?"

"Nothing doing," Frank told him flatly. "I had no right coming here in the first place."

"I—I'd like to have you catch me the first game I work," Ad stammered. "I'll be as wild as a March hare."

Frank looked at him and smiled grimly. "Joe Randall's a good catcher. He'll handle you all right, Ad."

"No," Ad said, "he won't. Nobody will, Frank." He looked completely

crushed as he sat there, and Frank felt sorry for him. Ad asked dully, "Where are you going now?"

"West," Frank said. "Out in the sticks."

After a long moment of silence Ad said slowly, "I wish we'd never come here." Then he got up and walked to the door. "I'll be back, Frank," he said as he went out.

Ten minutes later, as Frank was strapping his bag, there was a knock on the door. He opened it and Ivy stood there. She asked quietly, "Can I come in?"

Frank frowned, but opened the door wider and then closed it behind her.

Ivy looked at the bag on the floor. "So you're really running away."

"I'm leaving," Frank told her. "And you know why."

"Why don't you call it what it is?" Ivy asked him. "It's running away, isn't it?"

Frank looked at her grimly. "I don't belong here and I'm leaving. That's the honest thing to do."

Ivy lifted her eyes to his. "If you run away this time, Frank, you'll never be a man again. You'll never be able to look into a mirror."

"I'm used to that," Frank said bitterly.

"You forget," Ivy told him, "that people like Mr. Henley have been trying to help you. They want to see you make good, and you won't even give them a chance. You won't even try it."

"I tried it this afternoon," Frank snapped. "You were there."

"That wasn't a fair test. If it had been, Mr. Henley would have dropped you immediately. Isn't that so?"

Frank could not deny it, for it was true that Henley had not said a word to him after the game or since. Henley knew he had put him on the spot, sending him into the game cold.

"For Ad's sake," Ivy said softly, "and for my sake, Frank. Give it a chance."

He turned to look at her, but she was on her way out. The door closed behind her. He got up and stood there, breathing heavily. He went over to the bag on the floor and kicked it savagely. Then he started to cry.

Frank sat in Henley's office at the ball park.

"If you think I can help young Ad," Frank told him, "I'll stick with the club. I'll work with him out in the pen. I'll teach him what I can."

"The pen isn't the playing field," Henley observed, "as you very well know. One time at bat, and you're quitting."

Frank glared at him. "I've been up before, time and again, Mac. You know that."

"O.K.," Henley said. "I'll work Ran-

dall with the boy. I'm starting Ad tomorrow against the Redskins."

Surprise leaped into Frank's eyes. "You think he's ready for a full start?"

"He'd be ready," Henley said evenly, "if you were going in with him."

Back at the hotel Frank said to Ad, "Did you know you were starting with the Redskins tomorrow, Ad?"

Ad nodded. "Mr. Henley told me." There was not a trace of enthusiasm in his voice, and Frank knew that Henley had also told him Randall would be his receiver.

"Startin' Your Own Game"

There was a good crowd this afternoon. Many fans had undoubtedly come because they wanted to see the sensational rookie pitcher in action.

The afternoon was bright and clear after the rain, and not too hot. The first Redskin was in the slot, watching Ad and waving his bat. Randall gave the boy the signal, and Ad went up on the rubber. The first pitch was the fast ball and it sailed far over Randall's head for a wild pitch. The crowd roared, because the pitch had been very fast and very wild.

The second pitch was very wild too. Randall had to make a dive to get it. There were two balls and no strikes on the batter. Frank watched from the distant bull-pen and he stirred uneasily on the bench.

Ad passed the first Redskin batter and then the second.

Mike O'Day, a Gray relief hurler, said dubiously, "Not so good. He'll try to groove it now, and he's coming up against the tough part of this Redskin line-up."

Ad did groove a few pitches. He let up on his speed, trying frantically to get the ball over the plate. The Redskins sprayed three base hits across the field, and Henley came out. Ad, head down, went across the field to the clubhouse. He hadn't succeeded in getting one man out.

"One thing goin' in to relieve," Mike O'Day said. "Another thing startin' your own game."

The Redskins won the game by an 8 to 2 score. When Frank reached the dressing room, Ad had already gone. He found the boy back at the hotel, lying on the bed staring up at the ceiling.

"You can't expect to win them all," Frank said.

Ad nodded silently. He continued to look up at the ceiling, and Frank left him, knowing that talk was futile now.

Four days later Henley started Ad again, this time against the last-place Bisons. He got by the first inning, although he walked one man and allowed two hits. It took a double play to get him out of the hole.

In the second inning the roof fell in on him. He was grooving that fast ball, as he had in the Redskin game. The Bisons hammered him for four successive hits, and again he took the long walk to the showers.

The morning papers started to talk about the bonus rookie as the flop of the season. But even without his help the Grays were in second place now, winning quite steadily. By starting a big rally in the late innings, they had managed to retrieve the game so nearly lost by Ad.

After the second straight flop, Frank realized that Henley would not be able to risk Ad as a starter any more. The Grays were going into the stretch now and they needed every game to stay up there.

Each afternoon in the early days of September, Frank went out to the bullpen with Ad and the boy pitched to him. He had changed. Although he listened quietly to the things Frank tried to tell him about the different batsmen, he said very little.

The team had a big series coming up with the first place Rifles, and the papers were referring to it as the "Little World Series." It was a three-game series, and the Grays were only half a game behind the leaders.

On the day before the first game with the Rifles, Henley said, "If we take this one and go into first place, they'll never get us out. I want this first game. I want to break their hearts."

That night Ivy came to town. Frank went down to the station with Ad to meet her.

They all acted differently now. Frank remembered how happy they had been in those weeks when people were saying Ad was the pitching wonder of the world. The boy was out in the bull-pen now, all but forgotten. He had not been in a game for ten days, and it was doubtful that Henley would use him in any of the crucial games coming up.

Frank suddenly had a picture of Ad going home with a broken heart. He wondered how long Henley would string along with the boy.

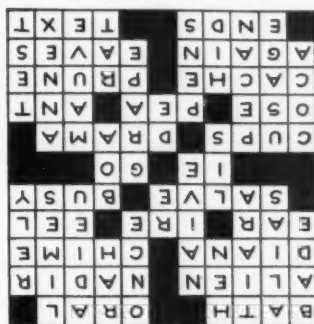
Ad wanted to know about the farm and the improvements that had been made since he left. But Frank could tell his heart was not in that either. He was just talking to keep his spirits up.

When they were alone for a few moments during the evening, Ivy said quietly to Frank, "What's going to happen to him, Frank?"

Frank shook his head. "Hard to say," he muttered. "Henley is afraid to use him now, and he can't get experience sitting on the bench."

"There's a chance that they might give up on him, isn't there?" Ivy wanted to know.

Crossword Puzzle Answer



Sure, you can turn this upside down if you want to. But why peek and spoil your fun? Puzzle is on inside back cover of this issue.

Frank bit his lip. "Always a chance of that, with every big-leaguer."

Ivy said nothing for a while. Then she began, "Sometimes, Frank. . . ." She saw Ad coming back to the table where they were sitting, and she never finished the sentence, but Frank knew what she had started to say. Sometimes she wished that Frank had never seen Ad. He had brought them money and security but he had taken the joy of living away from Ad.

The Stakes—Two Men and a Game

The next day the Rifles pounced on the starting Gray pitcher, and hammered him for three runs in the first inning, sending him to the showers.

The Grays tied it up at three all in the second, and in the fourth the Rifles, in a batting mood, sent four more runs scurrying across the plate. They now had a 7 to 3 lead.

Henley kept sending more pitchers out to the pen as they were used up one by one. Ad threw occasionally to Frank, but there was little possibility that he would get into this game. Henley wanted this first win and he would take no more chances than he had to.

The Grays tied it up in the ninth at 10 all. The game had become a free-swinging, free-hitting affair with all the stops out. The big crowd was going mad in the stands.

It began to look like a pitcher's battle. The Rifles had Case Rogerson on the hill and his fast ball was hopping. He was big and strong and could go on all afternoon and into the night if necessary.

Henley had just about come to the end of his pitchers. Joe Budd, a right-hander, and Ad were the only ones left in the bull-pen.

When the third Rifle batter doubled to right center, Henley called for time.

Frank watched him walk out to the mound and saw the Gray infielders gather around. The pitcher was shaking his head, indicating that he did not have it this afternoon.

Henley looked out toward the pen and waved for a pitcher to come in. Both Ad and Joe Budd stopped working and waited. Then the Gray left fielder yelled, "Preston, Preston."

Frank said, "All right, Ad," and the boy picked up his jacket. "You can stop this bunch."

Ad just nodded. He glanced toward the mound and then started to walk across the grass. Frank stood and watched him go in. The boy's shoulders sagged. It looked like the final test for Ad Preston. Henley was up a tree for pitchers now and was taking one more chance on him.

As Frank stood there rubbing his fist into the pocket of his mitt, he felt sick and cheap. Ad had to go in there alone, and it wasn't fair to the boy. He needed help—Frank's help.

Jack Redfern, the grizzled bull-pen catcher, came over. He stood there and said, "A nice boy, all the stuff in the world. Just a little help at the right time is all he needs."

"Yeah," Frank murmured. He took a step forward and then another, and then he started to walk fast after Ad, catching up with him before he was halfway to the mound.

Ad heard him coming and turned his head.

Frank said, "Let's get 'em, boy. Let's get 'em."

"You going in?" Ad asked.

"I'm going in," Frank said.

As they walked in together, Frank talked to him all the way. "They think they know you, Ad. They think you're wild and they'll wait until you groove those pitches, but you won't. Not this afternoon. This is Elmonte High, Ad, and you're the king pin. They won't be able to touch you. You understand?"

Ad grinned and his eyes began to look less tense.

"They're dummies painted on a barn wall," Frank said. "You'll throw it right past them. I want speed this afternoon. I want everything you've got, right down the middle if you have to do it, but so fast that they won't see it."

"Sure," Ad murmured.

Frank walked up to Henley and said, "I want to handle this boy, Mac, if it's all right with you."

Henley rubbed his chin. "O.K. with me." Then he said to Ad, "I'd like to win this game, Preston."

Ad didn't say anything, but he didn't need to. Frank said it for him. "Henley, this is your game."

Ad licked his lips. He was a little pale, but there was a glint in his eyes.

Peluso, a power hitter, came up. He was hitting .347 for the season.

"Here goes your ball game, Malloy," he said.

"Take your cuts," Frank told him, "and sit down."

Ad looked around at his runners, stepped on the rubber, and then let go. The ball darted toward Frank's glove as if it were alive.

Peluso didn't swing. He just said softly, "Yeah, yeah."

It was a called strike, hitting the target exactly, and it was the fastest ball Ad had ever thrown in his life. Frank held up his glove, a little lower this time, but still close. He kept smiling and, although Peluso swung his bat at this one, he barely touched it, zipping the ball back into the net behind them for a second strike.

"That's your hit," Frank murmured.

Peluso hadn't a word to say. He just watched Ad closely, with his bat ready. Then the third ball came in. Ad grooved it this time, but it was blazing fast and rose as it came. Peluso's yellow bat whistled as he cut under the pitch for a third strike. He walked away, dragging his bat behind him.

The next batter was Luke Borden. Borden was always a bad man in the clutch, and this was the clutch.

Ad gave him the blazer on the outside corner for a called strike, the fourth straight strike the boy had pitched. Borden's jaw worked silently on a wad of gum, his face blank. He just watched Ad.

Another strike came roaring down the alley, shoulder high this time. Borden's bat came around, just nicking the ball, and it spun crazily into the air toward the Rifle dugout.

Frank's mask came off his head and he started sprinting a fraction of a second after the ball hit the bat. He knew he was close to the Rifle dugout and those concrete steps, but he kept going. He strained for the ball, and suddenly there was nothing beneath his left foot. He fell just as the ball touched his glove, but he clamped his bare hand over it and held on to it as if it were a crown jewel. He landed on the bottom of the dugout, banging his left shoulder and the side of his face into one of the bench supports.

The fans gave him a hand for that catch, which had retired the side.

Henley called over, "You all right, Malloy?"

"O. K.," Frank said.

The crowd roared with excitement as Ad came in from the field, and the Rifles shook their heads dubiously. The boy's fast one seemed to be getting faster all the time.

Henley said, "This inning we end it, boys. Start us off, Ace."

Barton, the first sacker, stepped into

the batter's box and Frank watched him, aware that he might have to go up and hit this inning. He tried not to think about it.

Rogerson walked Barton, and the second batter, Ken'lon, sent him down to second on a neat sacrifice bunt along the third base line. Blackburn tried hard, but he only succeeded in looping a fly to short right. Barton held second, and now there were two away with Craig coming up and Frank in the circle.

The Rifle manager came out of the dugout for a conference with his pitcher and then went back again. They purposely passed Craig, and now there were runners on first and second. Only one run needed to win the ball game.

Frank stood up and glanced back toward Henley, wondering if he would take him out for a pinch hitter. Henley just pointed toward the left-field fence.

The Rifle catcher said, "Here's our boy, Case. Here's the easy one."

Frank stood there, watching the pitcher's every move. He knew the kind of ball Case was going to throw. They had a prescription for Frank Malloy. It would not be changed now. First would come the fast ball, high and inside to drive him back and destroy his nerve, and then the curves.

He stood waiting, his bat motionless, and a kind of calm came over him. He had to go out there next inning with Ad and stay with the boy until this game was finished, even if it went on forever. He had to go out with him as

long as the boy needed him, through all the seasons ahead. Like lightning, realization flashed over him. He saw that up till now he had been fighting only for himself, and that wasn't good enough. He had to fight for Ad, too, the farm boy with the label of greatness on him.

Frank's stomach stopped churning. He loosened his grip on the bat and took a deep breath. He was ready.

The ball came in where Case Rogerson had to put it, high and inside to drive him away. When the ball shot down toward him, Frank moved back slightly, leaning his weight away from the pitch. But his feet stayed where they were.

From the third-base box Henley spotted the change. He yelled jubilantly, "Hey, hey! You got it, boy!"

The next pitch hooked toward Frank, tearing at his nerves, and broke in toward the plate. He waited for it and held his ground. Then his bat whipped and the ball was lined out over short. It bounced on the grass and rolled toward the wall.

Frank raced down toward first base. He went roaring over the sack, and Barton came in with the winning run.

Ad whooped crazily. The crowd stood up, screaming and clapping. It was all wonderful and exciting. But the most important thing no one could know but Frank himself. This was a new day, a new beginning, a new Frank Malloy. Everything was all right again.

Doctor From Dunmore

(Continued from page 22)

SHAUN MOR: Well, here's a story was told me by a sailorman who sailed the seven seas o' the world. . . . Once upon a time, there was an ould king, an' he lived in a grand golden palace in a lovely land across the sea. This ould king was a terrible heathen entirely. He had bags an' bags o' gold which he loved better than anything else in the world. . . .

MICAL DUV: What was his name, Shaun?

SHAUN MOR: Oh, heh-heh, I forgot to tell ye. Sure his name was King Midas. Now, besides his gold, the king had a lot o' learning from grand books. But in spite of his learnin', he had no wisdom at all. He spent all his time thinkin' of the gold, an' wishin' he had more of it. But, heh-heh . . . sure the devil a bit o' good the gold did him either, for he was so busy thinkin' of it that he never had time to get a little fun out o' life! (They all laugh. The Doctor sits staring at his gold chain wound around his hand. A very loud

thunder crash, followed by the distant tolling of a church bell. All listen.) There's the storm bell ringin'. (They listen. Intermittent bell to the curtain.)

SHAMUS: Isn't a bell a grand sound! (Sighs.) I wish we had that little bell the Doctor promised us. 'Twas a darlin' sound.

MICAL DUV: Faith it was that. And a lovely-lookin' object it was, too. Ah, 'twould be a real joy to have it.

PADRIC (fishing in his downstage pocket, he pulls forth the little bell, holds it proudly in the palm of his hand, and grins at Mical Duv): Well, here it is, me boys! Sure I couldn't resist it. . . . I said a little prayer when I was takin' it.

MICAL DUV (shocked): But sure, that's stealin', Padric, an' stealin's a terrible sin!

PADRIC: Aw, what're ye talkin' about, man? Didn't the Doctor give it to us for takin' him back?

(The Doctor throws up his hands in complete resignation. Intermittent sound of the church bell heard through the storm until the curtain. "Bing!" Padric taps the bell.)

What Do You Remember?

A Quiz Based on the Contents of This Issue

The Date Catcher

In the space opposite each number below, write the letter of the correct answer.

1. The quotation that comes closest to stating the theme of the story is:
 - (a) "With that lovely copper-color hair and those pretty eyes? Why child, you could wear anything."
 - (b) "Wearing your hair a different way or something, aren't you?"
 - (c) "In this world, you gotta hold your head up."
2. The person who saw Genevieve's barrette slip out of her hair was: (a) the woman she bumped into in Waller's; (b) the saleslady; (c) the old man with the green fedora hat.

What America Means to Me

1. From the list below check the three requirements that Jesse Stuart says are all one needs in the United States in order to "rise to unlimited heights."

- | | |
|-------------------------|-----------------------------|
| (a) good health | (e) unselfishness |
| (b) good education | (f) winning personality |
| (c) good looks | (g) sense of humor |
| (d) willingness to work | (h) reasonable intelligence |
| | (i) good character |

2. Mark "T" before the statements below which are true, and "F" before those that are false.

- (a) Jesse Stuart wrote his first poems on leaves and scraps of paper he picked up along the road.
- (b) Jesse Stuart's family scraped together enough money to send him to college.
- (c) Jesse Stuart didn't like high school.
- (d) The teacher of the grade school Jesse Stuart attended was 18 years old.

Suspicion

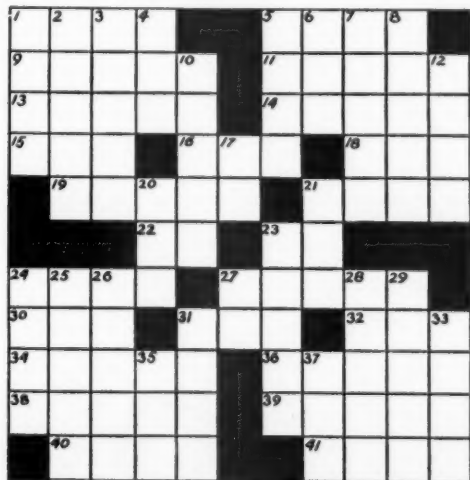
In the space opposite each number below, write the letter of the correct answer.

1. The bitter note of tragedy in the story lies in the fact that: (a) the cook was unjustly suspected; (b) Mr. Mummy didn't suspect the truth for a long time; (c) the evil against him was done by the person he most trusted.
2. Which of the following statements does *not* provide a clue to the identity of the poisoner?
 - (a) "Oh ma'am, they've caught that dreadful woman—that Mrs. Andrews."
 - (b) "No doubt about it, I used Marx's test. It's a heavy dose."
 - (c) "Did Mrs. Sutton leave something hot for you? She said she would."
 - (d) "Shall I take her up a glass of milk or anything?"
3. What conclusion could be drawn from Mr. Mummy's finding the clipped newspapers?
 - (a) The cook is the poisoner.
 - (b) The cook must be interested in the story.
 - (c) Someone must be interested in the story.

Answers in Teacher Lesson Plan

How Do You Say It?

• There are 48 words in this puzzle. The words starred with an asterisk (*) are pronunciation "demons" that are difficult to pronounce. See how many of these starred words (there are 17) you can get. Allow yourself two points for each starred word and two points for each of the others. If you get all the starred words, give yourself a bonus of 4 points for a total score of 100. Answers are on page 31, but don't look now. Wait until you have completed the puzzle. Why spoil your fun?



ACROSS

1. An American Saturday night institution.
- * 5. Spoken (how do you pronounce the "o"?).
- * 9. Foreign (how many syllables in this?).
- * 11. The lowest point (long "a" or short?).
13. Goddess of the hunt.
14. Bells do this.
15. You hear with this.
16. Anger.
18. Slippery fish.
- * 19. A healing ointment (this has a silent letter).
21. At work.
22. Abbr. meaning "that is."
23. When light is green, —.
24. Drinking utensils.
- * 27. A stage play (the first "a" is the troublemaker).
30. Suffix meaning "full of" as in "verb —."
31. Tiny green vegetable.
32. Industrious insect.
- * 34. A hiding place for food or supplies (it's from the French).
36. Dried plum.
- * 38. Once more (is the second syllable pronounced short or long?).
39. Edges of a roof.
40. Terminates.
41. Book used in school.

DOWN

- * 1. Commanded (this is the past tense of "bid").
- * 2. An assumed name (*Lat.*).
- * 3. A crown (how do you pronounce the "i"?).
- * 4. This fowl gives us eggs.
- * 5. One time only (some incorrectly add a "t").
6. A cheer.
- * 7. A French farewell.
8. Green citrus fruits.
- * 10. Simple and unaffected (from the French).
12. Depend upon.
17. Concerning.
20. Fleur-de- —.
21. Snake that kills by crushing.
23. Wine comes from this.
24. This plant yields cocaine.
- * 25. How do you pronounce the "s" in this word meaning "custom or practice"?
- * 26. Another pronunciation demon is this nut.
27. Prefix meaning "from" as in " — tract."
- * 28. A reddish purple color.
- * 29. Add on (do you accent first or second syllable?).
31. Writing instruments.
33. Examine.
35. Concealed.
37. Rodent.

GET ON THE LIST! Make sure your teacher has ordered your copies of *Literary Cavalcade* for this semester or for the school year.



Reproduction of cover of November, 1950, *Literary Cavalcade*.

AFTER distributing *Literary Cavalcade* allow a few minutes for the class to examine the contents. A student then is asked to tell the story of what is happening in the picture on the cover, which is a reproduction of a painting by Albert Dorne. The student describes only briefly what the picture depicts but elaborates upon the action on the football field—which is not shown. Asked to tell how she *knows* what is happening, she falls back upon the fact that she *knows* "football."

Immediately the factor of personal experience and recognition as essential to communication is introduced by suggesting what would happen if this picture were shown to a Chinese boy or even to a British boy. If a recently arrived European student is present, the situation takes on additional meaning if he can be induced to tell the story as *he* sees it.

Soon the "situation" is established to the satisfaction of the entire class, and the importance of a situation (what is happening) in a communication experience in writing or the graphic arts becomes apparent.

Now we hurry back to the picture itself. We examine it for characters and find only three, not the eleven men required for a football team. We note the careful details of line, shadow, angle, and curve through which other important elements of communication become effective. We note the clenched fist of the coach, the wrinkles in his sleeve, the faces of the boys and what

which can be told with a single incident and a few characters. Of course, the class always begins with the boy getting his big chance. We note his clean uniform and helmet, his determined face, the poised eagerness of his carriage. Here is the fulfillment of the American Dream, the epic quality always felt in a "saving the game" situation. It makes us feel good just to look at him.

Next is the boy with his chin in his hands. Why so dejected? The class recognizes an infinite variety of motives and is ready to talk or write about them. They have something to communicate; they *recognize* the situation and the human spirit which is affected by it.

We go still further. How about the coach? That is easy. But then the communication really begins. How about the coach's wife? How about the girl friend of the dejected boy? Are they dejected too? An infinite variety of possibilities takes shape before the eyes of the class, situations which they can communicate because they are familiar. Soon the class has chosen the character who will be central in his communication of the situation created by the picture.

Now, however, we have one more step to take. We open our magazines to page 19, column 3, to a poem by a high school girl. This is read aloud. Discussion begins about the *situation* the poet has created in *words*. The students have experienced this feeling, too, and the situation disposed of, we get at the

feeling of the poet, in this case the "character" or person.

Again we note the few details necessary to establish the situation, the feeling of the person involved, the word devices which are used as the artist used line, shadow, and curve. We see how the poet calls us out of the window to action on a wider canvas, that "far," "cold" (as applied to the sun), "icy," "smoky," are all words which communicate something about November. We see that only a few details are needed to have us experience November as we recognize and recall it. We note that the short, direct lines fit very well the communication of the mood of discontent. We can see the sharp, restless movements of the girl at the window as she recalls the past and looks toward the future.

So we turn back to our cover and set to work with words to communicate a situation involving characters who are *affected* by what happens or is about to happen. The result is creative writing sometimes of surprisingly revealing quality.

Poem from the November, 1951, issue of *Literary Cavalcade* used by Dr. Fulcomer in his creative writing lesson.

November

I wish it would snow.
Today were blown down
The leaves that were slow
When first they were brown.

Far west to the hills
The cold sun has set
In icy blue chills
And smoky blue net.

Trees frantically grope
With gaunt bony wings
And heavenward hope—
But the frost still clings.

November, November,
You in-between thing!
You're post-Indian summer
And pre-Arctic fling.

Carol Pitts, 17

LaMars (Iowa) H. S.
Teacher, Miss Tanaka

A Demonstration Lesson in the Communication Arts

By Edwin S. Fulcomer

Montclair State Teachers College, Montclair, N. J.

A Creative Writing Lesson based upon the cover of *Literary Cavalcade* for Nov., 1950

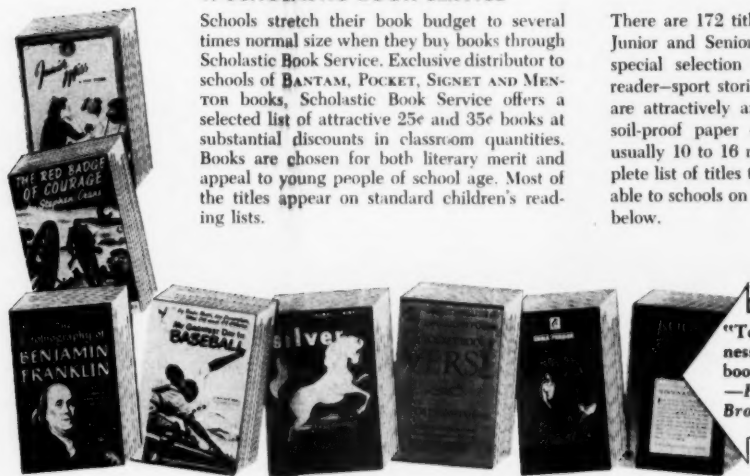
TWO MONEY-SAVING BOOK PLANS

Sponsored by Scholastic Magazines

1. SCHOLASTIC BOOK SERVICE

Schools stretch their book budget to several times normal size when they buy books through Scholastic Book Service. Exclusive distributor to schools of BANTAM, POCKET, SIGNET AND MENTOR books, Scholastic Book Service offers a selected list of attractive 25¢ and 35¢ books at substantial discounts in classroom quantities. Books are chosen for both literary merit and appeal to young people of school age. Most of the titles appear on standard children's reading lists.

There are 172 titles, including books for both Junior and Senior High students, and also a special selection of books for the reluctant reader—sport stories, animal stories etc. Books are attractively and durably bound in heavy soil-proof paper covers to assure long life—usually 10 to 16 readings or more. For a complete list of titles together with discounts available to schools on quantity orders, mail coupon below.



"To buy them is sound business practice. They are a boon to the book budget."
—Francis St. John, Libr.,
Brooklyn Public Library.

2. TEEN AGE BOOK CLUB

By joining the Teen Age Book Club students have the privilege of choosing each month one or more 25¢ or 35¢ pocket books from a list of six or seven titles especially selected for literary quality and teen age appeal by a board of well-known educators. In addition, each club member can choose a free book dividend for every four books purchased. There are no dues in the Teen Age Book Club and it is not necessary for members to buy every month. They may buy as many or as few books as they wish without affecting their standing in the

club. All materials for running and organizing a club are supplied free.

There are two divisions of the Teen Age Book Club—the Junior Division, for upper elementary and Junior High grades, and the Senior Division for Senior High students. Books are selected for all classes of readers—good, fair and reluctant. Titles are widely varied so each member is sure to find a book related to his or her interests. For more information about this unusual plan to stimulate interest in good reading among students, mail the coupon below.



"High school students buy them regularly through the Teen Age Book Club."
—New York Times Book
Review, August 12, 1951.

SCHOLASTIC MAGAZINES
351 Fourth Avenue
New York 10, N. Y.

- ☐ Please send list of Scholastic Book Service titles and discounts available to schools.
- ☐ Please send information and complete materials for starting a ☐ Junior ☐ Senior Teen Age Book Club.

Name

School

City Zone State

LC 10

